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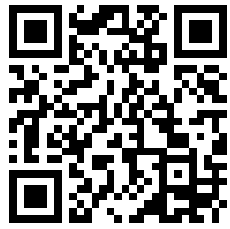

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IMPERISHABLE ANZACS

A Story of the Famous First Brigade

With 67 Illustrations

BY

Pte. H. W. CAVILL - - 2nd Battalion

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Autographs

of my Hero Friends—European War 1914

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Imperishable Anzacs

A Story of Australia's Famous First Brigade

From the Diary of

Pte. H. W. CAVILL, No. 27, 2nd Battalion, First Inf. Brigade

Sydney:
WILLIAM BROOKS & CO., LTD.,
17 Castlereagh Street.

1916.

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FOREWORD

LIEUT.-COLONEL R. H. OWEN, C.M.G.

No Souvenir Book of Anzac could be considered complete without a tribute to the loyalty, devotion and bravery of the fathers, mothers and wives of the gallant Officers, Non-commissioned Officers and Men who died at Gallipoli.

The soldiers had at least the honour and glory, and the joy of action in striving to aid their country, and their gratification in the spirit of adventure which is so marked a trait in the British character, but those whom they left behind had to pass through the long period of anxiety for their dear ones, and to suffer the heartrending grief in their bereavement; this they did with an unselfish fortitude which was as brave and as noble as the sacrifices made by the men who fought.

All honour to our brave women and to our loyal men who sent their sons to battle for the Empire.

R. H. OWEN, Lieut-Colonel,
Late 3rd Battalion, A.I.F.

Typed 2nd Jan 1938

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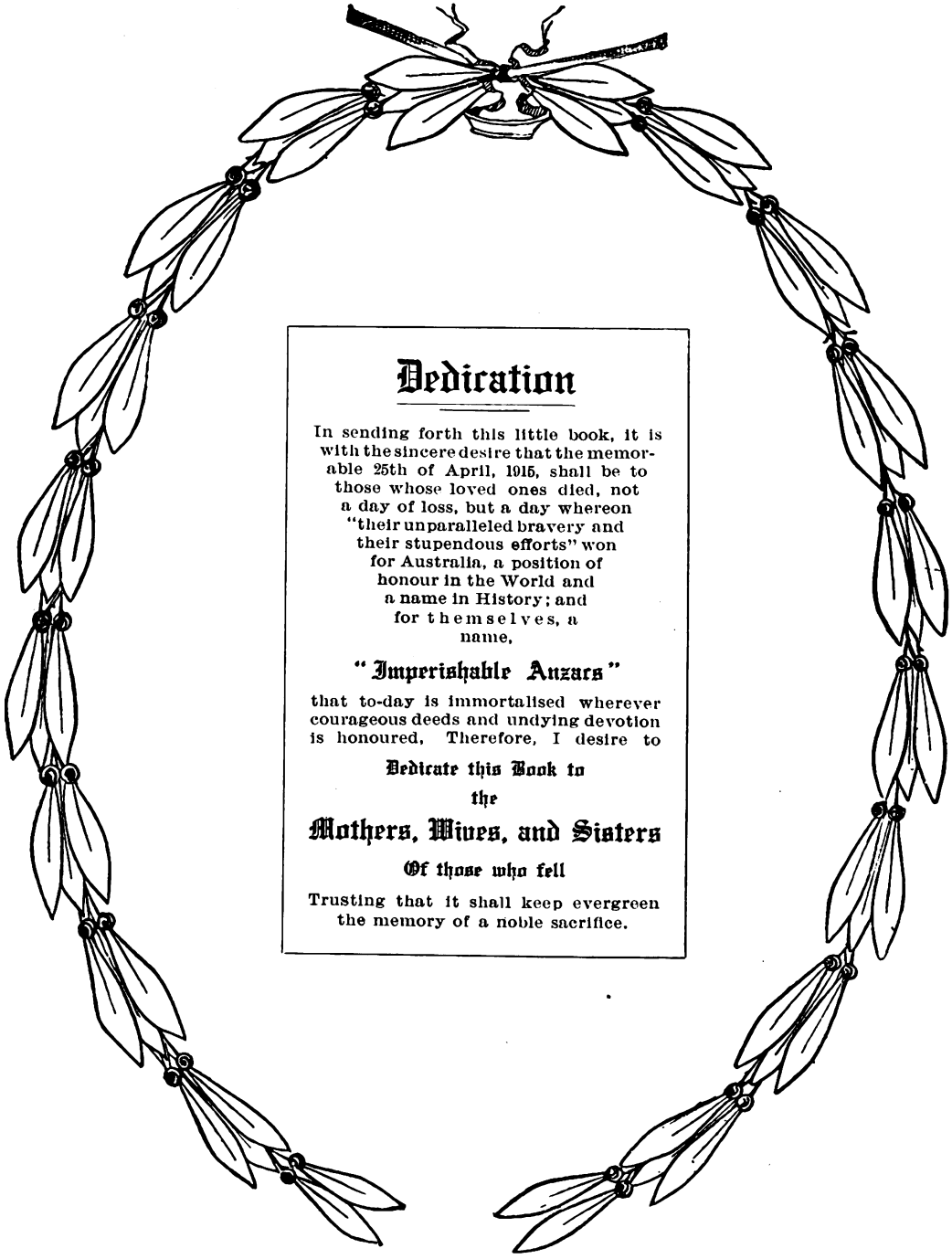

Dedication

In sending forth this little book, it is with the sincere desire that the memorable 25th of April, 1915, shall be to those whose loved ones died, not a day of loss, but a day whereon "their unparalleled bravery and their stupendous efforts" won for Australia, a position of honour in the World and a name in History; and for themselves, a name,

"Imperishable Anzacs"

that to-day is immortalised wherever courageous deeds and undying devotion is honoured, Therefore, I desire to

Dedicate this Book to

the

Mothers, Wives, and Sisters

Of those who fell

Trusting that it shall keep evergreen the memory of a noble sacrifice.

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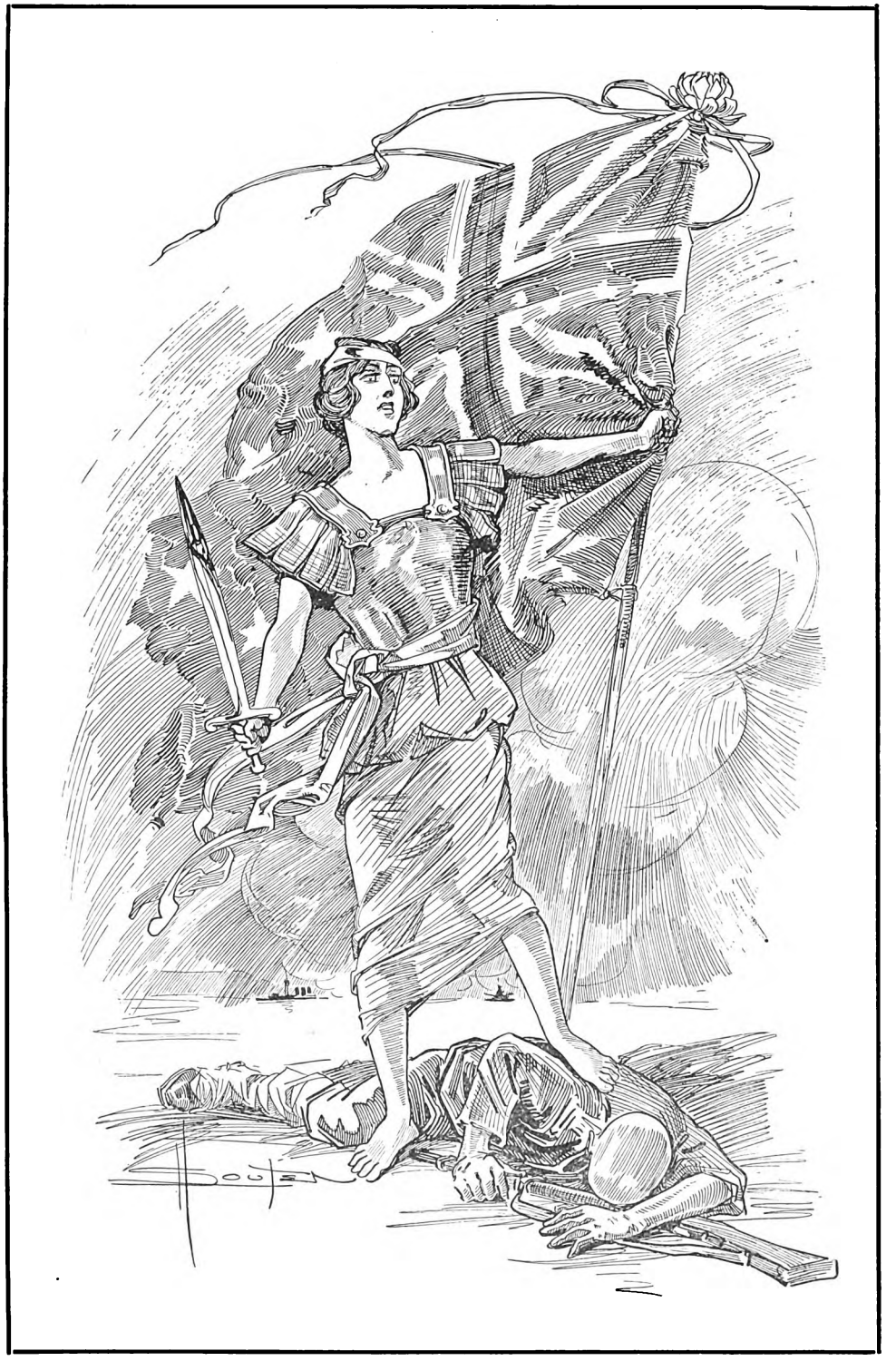

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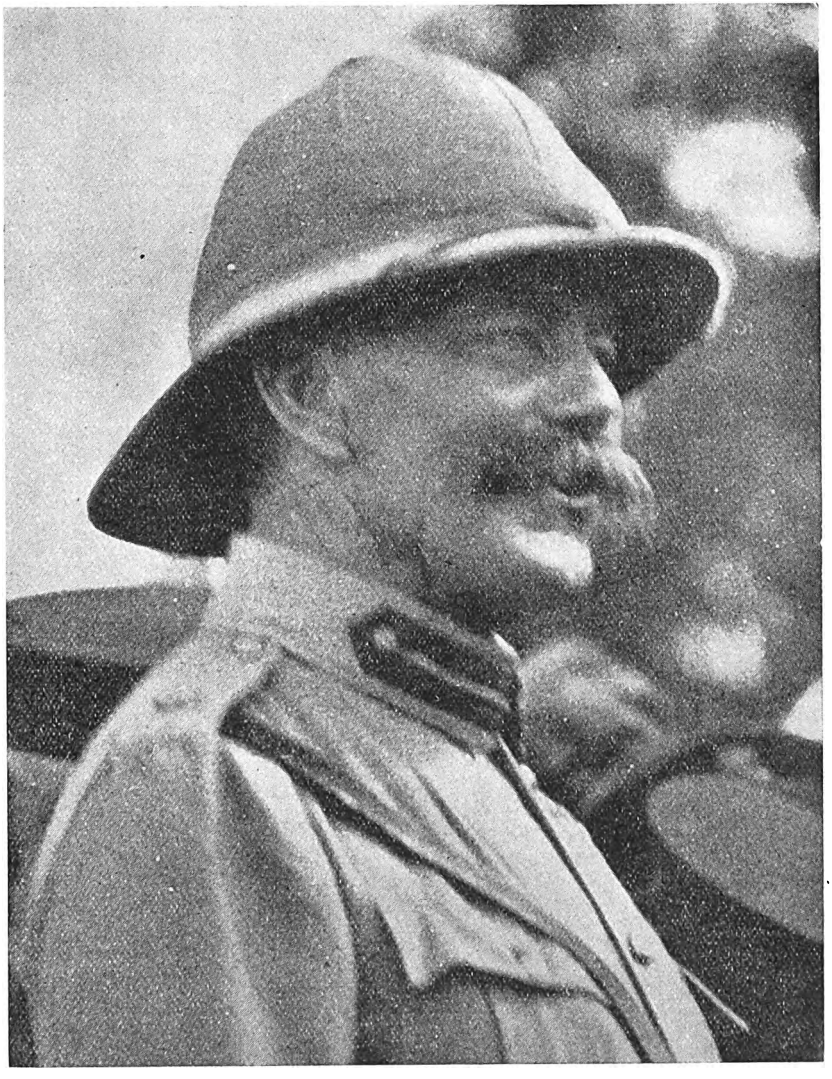

Kitchener's Last Message:

"WE HAVE TO STICK IT OUT AND DO OUR VERY BEST UNTIL OUR RELEASE COMES.

"I ONLY WISH I COULD DO MORE, OR, RATHER, THAT WHAT I DO MIGHT BE BETTER WORK."

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MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM T. BRIDGES, K.C.B., C.M.G.

Died of wounds, on the 18th May, during the passage from Gallipoli to Alexandria.

The whole force was stirred by the calamity, and on the following day, May 19th, avenged his death in a brilliant action, by inflicting a loss of 7,000 on the enemy at a cost of less than 500 to themselves.

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Brigadier of the "Famous First"

COLONEL HENRY NORMAND MACLAURIN
Who commanded the Famous First Brigade
Killed in action

"A comrade, a noble-hearted man, a patriot,
And a brave soldier who died at his post."

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The Soul of Anzac

TRIBUTE BY GENERAL BIRDWOOD

"I cannot sufficiently praise the courage, endurance, and soldierly qualities of the Australians.

"The manner in which they hung on to the position day and night was magnificent, especially, considering the shortage of water, the heavy losses, and the incessant shrapnel fire.

"After they retired to a contracted line, they set their teeth and refused to budge a foot."
—GENERAL BIRDWOOD.

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"Imperishable Anzacs"

Officers who made the First Brigade

COLONEL H. N. MACLAURIN
Killed in action

BRIGADE MAJOR F. D. IRVING
Killed in action

STAFF CAPTAIN KING
Severely wounded

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Where the First

ANZAC BEACH

"No finer feat of arms has ever been performed during the war than this sudden landing in the dark, this storming of the heights, and above all, the holding on to the position thus won.

"These raw Colonial troops, in those desperate hours, proved themselves worthy to fight side by side with the heroes of Mons and the Aisne, Ypres and Neuve Chapelle."

—"EGYPTIAN GAZETTE."

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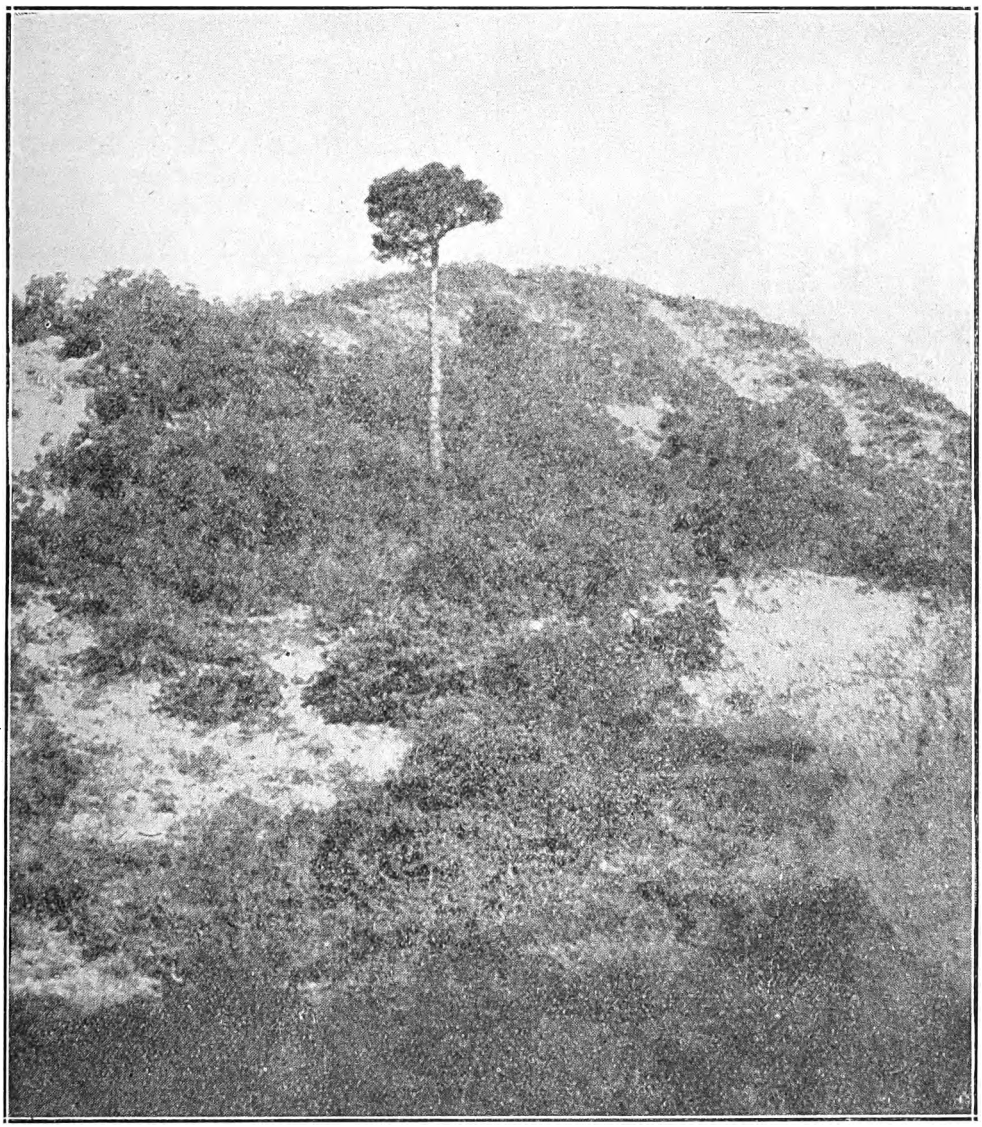
Brigade became Famous

LONE PINE



"In the capture of Lone Pine trenches the First Brigade added fresh lustre to the laurels they had already won."

—GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON.

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Battalion First

LIEUT.-COLONEL L. DOBBIN
1st Battalion
Wounded

LIEUT.-COLONEL G. F. BRAUND, V.D.
2nd Battalion
Killed in action

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Commanders Brigade

LIEUT.-COLONEL A. J. O. THOMPSON, V.D.
4th Battalion
Killed in action

LIEUT.-COLONEL R. H. OWEN, C.M.G.
3rd Battalion
Wounded

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MAJOR F. J. KINDON
1st Battalion
Promoted to Lieut.-Colonel
Wounded

MAJOR R. SCOBIE
2nd Battalion
Promoted to Lieut.-Colonel
Killed in action

MAJOR A. J. BENNETT,
C.M.G., D.S.O.
3rd Battalion
Promoted to Lieut.-Colonel
Wounded

MAJOR MACNAGHTEN, C.M.G.
4th Battalion
Promoted to Lieut.-Colonel
Wounded

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A Dinkum Anzac

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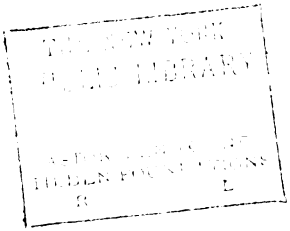
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"Imperishable Anzacs"

INTRODUCTION

EXTRACT FROM "SYDNEY MORNING HERALD" OF DECEMBER 22nd, 1915

London, 20.

"The War Office announces that all troops at Suvla and Anzac, together with guns and stores, have been transferred, with insignificant casualties, to another sphere of operations."

TAKING up the "Herald" at the breakfast table this morning, December 22, I read the above, and then, my eyes saw no more, but to my mind there came a vivid picture—I saw the troopship "Derfflinger"—I saw the faces, most of them so familiar, of the thousand odd lads of the dear old 2nd Battalion—the officers, Colonel MacLaurin, Lieutenant-Colonel Braund, the popular Lieutenant-Colonel Owen, grand old Major (Bob) Scobie, and Majors Swannell, Stephens, Richardson, Bourke, Gordon, Concannon, all of whose faces were so familiar—and I saw my tent mates, poor old boys, for eight months we had lived in the same tent, and then, inside of a month, four were killed, eight wounded, and only two left untouched.

My mind then wandered back to the five hard, hungry, yet happy months at Mena Camp, where for four out of the five months we marched over the soft sand of the Lybian Desert, and, having got thus far I decided to write an account of the First Brigade since the time they left Sydney on October 18th, 1914.

Not having kept a diary previous to sailing, and hardly knowing just where to start, I do not think I could do better than introduce an unknown Egyptian correspondent of a Cairo daily, who was apparently in close touch with the boys, and understood the spirit that existed in every unit of the First Division.

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"EGYPTIAN GAZETTE."

CAIRO, May 10th, 1915.

They came, urged by a passion of loyalty, from places with names like Waianawa, Kiandra, and Whangamomona. They camped under the clear-cut shadows of ancient Mena and Heliopolis; they drilled and marched for drouthy, perspiring days across strange deserts, and when at last, months later, they came sailing to a place of just such cliffs and scrub-covered hills as they had known all their lives, death lay waiting, entrenched on the slopes, and hid indiscoverable in the low green cover. Many of them, it is a poignant thought, never saw the motherland they died for, but perished in a land that mocked them with memories of their own.

Some of them, with one transient view of English whitened hedgerows, lie now in a Midlands hospital side by side with heroes from the battles in Flanders. The men from La Bassee and Ypres show them trophies of German helmets and German cartridges with the bullets reversed, while in return the towering colonials from the Dardanelles display scraps of disembedded shrapnel and dum-dum bullets earned in the most sudden and intense onslaught of the war. The men feel it is hard luck that after their months of training at home and in Egypt they had only a few hours', at the most a few days', fighting before they were put out of action, but they all agreed that those hours were worth it all. They do not even, I think, pity their comrades who fell at the landing, for, anyway, they were "in it," and it was a glorious fight.

Now that my Cairo friend has so splendidly launched the subject, I feel I can carry on and tell the story of Australia's first Expeditionary Force, of their eager response, of their devotion to duty and discipline, of their toils amid sand, heat, and frequently hunger, and finally of the unparalleled feat in successfully scaling the precipitous heights of Gaba Tepe, and ESTABLISHING THEMSELVES IN THE FACE OF SUCH OVERWHELMING ODDS.

THE BALKAN BLUFF.

Like many others, the assassination of the Archduke in Serajevo caused me nothing more than a passing regret. Balkan

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troubles appeared to be so frequent, that anxiety for the peace of Europe was becoming like the watched pot that never boils.

But the action of the German Minister in Brussels, on August 2nd, "in demanding a free passage through Belgium for the German Army on pain of an instant declaration of war," altered the whole aspect. On the evening of August 2nd, the German Army crossed the frontier.

That week-end was the darkest England has passed through for many a long day. Our course of action was miserably in doubt, and the culmination of the following Monday, on which, by inadequate reports, one had to judge that Sir Edward Grey and the Government meant to back out and to leave Germany, unhindered by us, to walk over Belgium and to attack the friend to whom every sense of honour bound us. Those were hours in which every honest man, appreciating imperfectly, no doubt, the horrors of war, but understanding very well the point of honour, raged furiously up and down their own households, gibbering with horrified indignation, and reminding themselves that if we stood aside, or if we were forced, belated and shamefaced, into war, no Englishman could ever hold up his head in Europe again.

Then came war. Who shall forget August 4th? What relief to our pent-up feelings, and how the world stood agape at the wave of enthusiasm that thrilled the entire British Empire. Just as ultimata were said to have become Germany's chief export, war now seems the Alpha and Omega of life and death.

It is too soon to know what legacies war may leave us in exchange for the outpouring of brave blood and the continual tears of women, but they shall make a great and priceless heritage if we have the courage to trust ourselves and each other.

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Making History

AUGUST, 1914, will, I believe, be recorded as one of the most thrilling periods in Australian history. The ultimatum of August 4th stirred the Commonwealth, and, on its heels came the flood of official, unofficial, and imaginary cables in which the press described North Sea actions that raged every day, and decisive battles, fought really by trivial scrums of cavalry. We were unaccustomed to war on such a scale, and we have had to step down from those exalted hours to sober days of brief communiques, of artillery combats, and, one of the enemy's trenches occupied.

Still, August has its pleasant memories, as well as bitter. How the whole Commonwealth thrilled with patriotism when, on August 4th, Andrew Fisher, Prime Minister, made the first offer of twenty-thousand men on behalf of Australia; after our first excitement, we paused to wonder where so many men were coming from, but our fears in that direction were soon dispelled.

I was unsettled from the moment the first call to arms sounded, but, being in business, I was unable to wind up and enlist at once, so for fourteen days I had to be content, during which time I eagerly devoured every word of at least four papers a day.

But on August 18th I faced Colonel Antill, the recruiting officer at Victoria Barracks, Sydney, and was turned down, not having had previous military experience. To say I was disappointed would be to but feebly express my feelings, but, determined to enlist, I made my way straight to a training area and found a staff sergeant-major, a friend of mine, who, for an hour hammered into me the essence of his fourteen years' experience, and taught me to handle and load a rifle, etc.

Thus armed with such a wealth of military knowledge, I again faced Colonel Antill on the 24th, and, "with my chest thrust out as though I myself had had the fourteen years' experience," was passed and marched off with two or three hundred others to Randwick Racecourse. Here we were medically examined, attested, sworn in, and drafted to our Battalions. The First and Second Battalions were just then being formed.

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The reader will no doubt begin to wonder if this is my own experience or that of the Brigade; but I have just described as briefly as possible how I became a soldier and attached to the Second Battalion—two things that I have never regretted.

REMINISCENCES.

In everybody's experience, little landmarks stand out like tufted islands in a flooded meadow. Small impressions stick in one's memory. Your humble servant is no exception to the rule, for in my mind now there are many vivid recollections of those two months' training at Randwick and Kensington.

How I remember the first night in camp, lying on the cement floor of the Randwick grandstand, trousers folded around boots for a pillow, one blanket and many a shiver, while a terrific southerly buster drove the rain in clouds of spray over all who were not fortunate enough to be at the very back.

Yes, and later at Kensington, do I not remember returning from a wedding to find the ground occupied by the First Battalion six inches deep with water, while our lines just above were a torrent of rushing water, and there, every man, from the Colonel down, struggling in the drenching rain to dig trenches around the tents; finally we spread our waterproof sheets in the mud and settled down to try and sleep.

Those men who grumble now at conditions would do well to stop and consider for a moment the multitude of advantages, yes and privileges, he enjoys compared to those "suffered" by the first division "Australia's pioneers."

I shall not weary the reader with the small details of camp life, but shall pass on, only just mentioning those more important happenings.

SEPT. 13.—I have mentioned above how it rained last night; it is still raining hard; all hands having Church Parade digging trenches around the tents.

SEPT. 14.—Route March to South Coast; about ten miles before lunch. Company drill all the afternoon. Battalion on night march.

SEPT. 15.—Marched to Long Bay range for musketry; reached camp at seven o'clock. The Colonel said, "Cheer up, boys, there is a hot tea waiting for you." So there was—cold spuds and colder chops. We all said, "This is the life!"

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SEPT. 16.—Route march to Watson's Bay and home; last few miles in torrents of rain; general leave to go home and dry our clothes; at least, that is what we done.

SEPT. 18.—General inspection at 10 a.m. by the Governor-General, Sir Ronald Munro Ferguson and staff.

OCT. 16.—Usual parade to-day; final leave in afternoon; just the usual 25 per cent. given leave; of course, Jonah got no pass, so had to take French leave, viz., hop the fence. Spent such a pleasant time during the evening that I stopped for the night.

OCT. 17.—Stayed at H——'s place until three o'clock, then took taxi back to camp. Arrived in time to see my things on the transport waggon. The whole camp spent a riotously happy evening.

OCT. 18.—Reveille at 5 a.m.; hurried breakfast; final muster and roll call; the Brigadier, Colonel MacLaurin, then addressed us, in his short, happy manner, and then—off at last! We were conveyed to Darlinghurst by tram, and from there marched to the boat. I was fortunate enough to have my folk with me right to the barrier, where, after a last good-bye, we were parted. Marching on board our ship, the "Suffolk" A23, we were quickly settled in our respective quarters. As soon as we were allowed to move there was a scramble to try and locate friends. About 4 p.m. we cast off and were soon between the Heads.

My, how the old Suffolk did heave! It was not long before the first one visited the side, and he was quickly followed by the majority of the boys. I kept up until late in the evening, but on going below soon joined the great majority—OH!

OCT. 19.—Still rough. Oh, how sick I was last night! After getting settled on the hatch I was just drenced by a wave that tore through the skylight. You can guess what a pleasant night we spent. By midday the sea had gone down considerably, which always means spirits going up. Beautiful afternoon—almost everybody down for tea. Good concert at night. Passed H.M.A.S. "Melbourne" this afternoon.

OCT. 20.—Glorious morning, very short parade, plenty of games. Sea just like glass all round, no land in sight; seems all like a dream.

OCT. 21.—Still gloriously calm; sunshine and blue sea. We are off the South Australian Coast. Sighted whales blowing this morning. Splendid concert this evening.

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OCT. 22.—Blue turned to grey, wind cresting the waves, looks like storm approaching. W. Edgar, A Coy., accidently shot in the leg by a mate with private revolver.

OCT. 23.—Still dull. Destroyer came alongside this morning early. Buster coming.

OCT. 24.—Storm passed, not very severe, sunny and pleasant again. Passed troopship "Afric" this afternoon.

OCT. 25.—Aroused this morning at daybreak by the rattle of anchor chains. We hurried on deck, to find ourselves in the beautiful large harbour of Albany. Eight transports had arrived before us.

About 10 a.m. we went alongside to take in water, and during the day one and all spent a very pleasant time with the crowd that flocked to the wharf.

A very humorous incident occurred while at the wharf. A private who apparently had dined and win'd well but not wisely, made a bet that he was game to dive overboard. He did so, won the pound bet, and was fined one pound ten for leaving the ship. Rather an unwise investment.

OCT. 26.—We were again aroused by the clank of the anchor cable. Everybody was disappointed to leave the wharf, as to-day is Eight Hour Day here—we expected to go ashore. Our ship has taken up position out in mid-stream. It is a beautiful sight. There are over twenty ships in three long lines riding at anchor in the teeth of a strong southerly wind.

OCT. 31.—At last our stores are aboard. The Brigadier has inspected the ship; so at last, "thank goodness," there is a chance of a move. The men are awfully impatient at the delay.

NOV. 1.—Hip, hip, hurrah! The anchor is being weighed. We rushed on deck and beheld ship after ship gliding slowly past in line. Our turn came at last; and as we steamed past, from each ship arose a storm of hurrahing and cooeeing, to which we were not slow to respond. What a sight! Dazzling sunshine, blue sea, and stretched out before us the three long lines of ships.

We occupy the second last position of the centre line, thus having the whole Australian fleet before us, while following astern the ten New Zealand ships are in two lines. It would be as well here to set down the names of the fleet:—

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TROOPSHIPS OF THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL SQUADRON.

First Division.			Second Division, Port.		
A 3	T.S.	Orvieto (Flagship)	A18	T.S.	Wiltshire (Flagship)
A27	,,	Southern	A 7	,,	Medic
A 4	,,	Pera	A11	,,	Ascanius
A26	,,	Armidale	A15	,,	Star of England
A12	,,	Saldahna	A 2	,,	Geelong
A13	,,	Katuna	A17	,,	Port Lincoln
A 1	,,	Hymettus	A10	,,	Karoo
A23	,,	Suffolk	A21	,,	Marere
A25	,,	Anglo-Egyptian	A 6	,,	Clan McCorquodale

Third Division, Starboard.			New Zealand Imperial Squadron.		
A14	T.S.	Euripides (Flagship)	N.Z.	T.S.	Maunganui
A 8	,,	Argyleshire	,,	,,	Hawkes Bay
A 9	,,	Shropshire	,,	,,	Star of India
A19	,,	Afric	,,	,,	Limerick
A22	,,	Rangatira	,,	,,	Weiman
A16	,,	Star of Victoria	,,	,,	Tahiti
A26	,,	Hororata	,,	,,	Arawa
A 5	,,	Omrah	,,	,,	Athenic
A20	,,	Benalla	,,	,,	Orari
A28	,,	Miltiades	,,	,,	Roupaka

So it was, on November 1st, 1914, these thirty-eight great modern ships steamed out of the pretty harbour of Albany. Outside the Heads they at once took up position; and, flanked by warships, and further out the destroyer scouts, Australia's Armada forged ahead to its unknown destination.

NOV. 2.—Only three of our escort in sight, viz.: Japanese Warship Ibuki, H.M.S. Minatour, and H.M.A.S. Sydney. The weather is just perfect. We are steaming N.N.W., probably making for Colombo.

NOV. 3.—Weather getting very warm, splendid canvas baths rigged up on deck; they are well patronised.

NOV. 6.—The mail boat Osterley and the H.M.S. Minatour passed through the lines to-day. There was a general rush with cameras as they were quite close.

NOV. 8.—It is more than ever apparent that we are nearing the tropics; the atmosphere becomes heavier and hotter every day. Splendid Church Service to-day; the old Colonel was in

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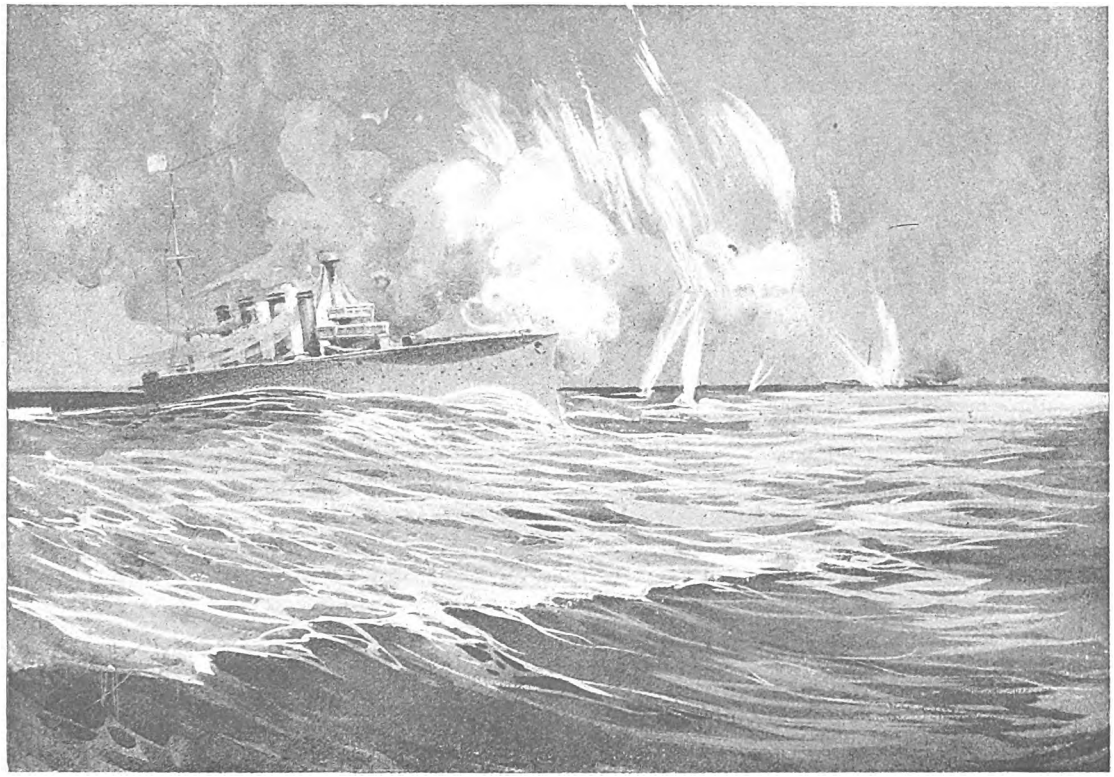

THE LAST OF THE EMDEN

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good form and spoke well; the singing was so good one really felt a bit homesick. H.M.S. Minatour and H.M.A.S. Melbourne passed us close this morning.

NOV. 9.—There is something unusual happening. For the last fifteen minutes the warships have been flashing helio. messages to one another; the New Zealand ships have closed right up inside our lines; the H.M.A.S. Sydney has just left us and raced away to port at a terrific speed with the Ibuki following. We knew there was something doing. The Ibuki was signalled to resume her position.

One can just imagine our excitement, especially when the message came through about 11 a.m. that the Sydney had engaged the Emden.

We were all stripped for bathing parade at 2 p.m. when Major Scobie in great excitement rushed up the deck and shouted, "Boys! the Sydney has sunk the Emden."

Then what a scene followed. Before we realised what we were doing we were racing about the deck, naked as we were, shaking one another by the hand, turning doublers like a lot of schoolboys, and roaring out cheer after cheer.

We were all treated to limejuice to celebrate the memorable occasion.

* * * *

The Last of the Emden.

We heard later that at 9.15 a.m. land was seen ahead, about 17 miles distant. Almost immediately afterwards a little to the right of the land and beyond it was seen the smoke of a steamer. The smoke was quite stationary. The Sydney was now approaching the island at about the rate of one mile in two minutes, and the masts and funnels of the other ship came quickly into sight. The stranger got under way and began to move out at a rapidly-increasing pace to the northward. The Sydney's officers had been practically sure from the first of what they now knew to be a fact —that the stranger was the cruiser which had already sunk twenty British merchantmen and done two and a half million pounds' worth of damage—the Emden.

British onlookers say that the Emden looked a very pretty little ship as she came out. The German landing party ashore, who had no time to get back to their ship, could not refrain from gathering to watch her. The British residents of the settlement gathered on the roof of the cable station, the largest building on

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the main island. And they and the Germans watched, as if from a gallery, played out before them one of the prettiest little naval actions that has been fought.

As the Emden had 4-inch guns, and the Sydney a fewer number of 6-inch, the Emden's game was naturally to close and use her guns at a short range, at which they were most effective. This she tried to do again and again during the first part of the action, but the Sydney would never let her manage it. The Sydney's engines were in perfect condition; during part of the fight, when speed was called for, she probably attained her full trial speed. The Emden was never a match for her in this respect, even before the event took place which placed her entirely at the Sydney's mercy, as will be explained presently.

THE FIRST SHOT.

As the Emden came out the distance rapidly decreased, and the range was rapidly reached at which the Sydney expected to begin the battle. She swung round on to a parallel course, and the order had been actually given to fire, when the Emden surprised onlookers by firing the first shot. It went whistling overhead, exactly where the first broadside ought to go, and it is described as a piece of perfect shooting. The Sydney's first broadside or salvo which followed immediately afterwards also went well over the Emden. The Sydney's second salvo, which was a trifle irregular, fell short. Her third clearly hit the enemy, although the bursting of her shells in the enemy's heart could not yet be seen.

The Emden's shooting at the beginning of the fight was extraordinarily rapid and good. Her little 4-inch guns were being fired at an extreme range—so great, indeed, that it can only be explained by the fact that the Germans use their guns at a very high elevation, amounting to as much as 30 degrees. The result was that her shots, by the time they reached the Sydney, were falling at a very heavy angle—a fact which is made quite clear by the direction of the shot holes in the Sydney, where they can be traced in almost every case from an entry high up on the port side to the exit much lower on the starboard side. The Sydney shots, on the other hand, pierced the Emden almost horizontally.

The Emden's fire was so fast that she must actually have had at times no less than three salvoes in the air at once, each on its way towards the Sydney. The water around the Sydney was

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lashed as with a flail, the spray being thrown all over her, and for the first ten minutes or so the hits were fairly frequent. It was about the Emden's fourth salvo (which means in her case a discharge of five guns at once) which did the first damage to the Sydney. A shell entered a certain station which contained several men and an officer. It almost brushed the arm of one of the men, scored a deep groove along the whole of one wall, and passed through, to glance harmlessly off the deck below. This shell hit nobody, but its impact shook the structure to such an extent that all the men in it were thrown down. They were just clambering upon their hands and knees when a second shell, coming from precisely the same direction, burst just beneath the floor. Every man in the structure was wounded.

By this time the Sydney's shells were undoubtedly hitting the Emden, but the bursting of a shell inside the enemy's ship can only be told when something falls. The first sign which those on board the Sydney saw of their own fire was when the Emden's foremost funnel was seen to fall overboard. Shortly afterwards the Emden's foremast lurched over the side of the ship. Part of it remained there, sticking out horizontally like a boom; the rest went into the sea. The Germans had their main fire control position on a platform high up on the mast, and the men in it were all thrown into the sea.

THE BROADSIDE THAT SETTLED IT.

It was just after this, about a quarter of an hour after the first shot was fired, that a salvo from the Sydney entered the stern of the Emden and burst just before her after-deck. The effect of this shot was astonishing. The deck itself, which was steel, covered with corticine, was lifted and torn from its beams and left with a surface like that of the sea waves. The after gun upon it was instantly put out of action. Seventeen—probably the greater part of one gun crew—were blown alive overboard into the sea, where they swam about, with no wreckage to help them, and most of them wounded, until the Sydney happened to come across several of them at various periods from seven to eight hours later and picked them out of the water alive. The same salvo set the Emden furiously on fire aft—a fire which could not be and was not put out. And most serious of all, the same shot destroyed her steering gear.

Those on the Sydney saw the effect of this shell first when they noticed that smoke began to pour out of the Emden's after-deck and stern ports—as a matter of fact, the fittings of the officers'

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cabins and all that part of the ship were on fire. The paint on the ship's side was burning fiercely. It was noticed that from this time the Emden's speed was very much decreased, but it was not known upon the Sydney until after the fight that anything had happened to the enemy's steering gear. As a matter of fact, from this time until the end of the action the Emden was steaming by means of her screws, and it was this which accounted for her loss of speed.

This part of the action—the first fifteen minutes of it—was the only one which most of the spectators on Cocos saw. It was in the first fifteen minutes that all the casualties on the British side occurred—whilst the battle was more or less even. But the moment the German landing party watching from the island saw the Emden's funnels fall, they ordered the inhabitants off the roof of the cable station and kept them shut up in a room in which they could not see the progress of the fight. The behaviour of the landing party is said to have been perfectly clear and courteous; but from this moment their time was occupied in very important business. They realised which way the fight was going, and for the rest of the day they occupied themselves in seizing every useful article that they could find on the island and loading it into a schooner which was lying in the port. They wished for no interference during their operations.

THE EMDEN SCORES.

Before her steering gear broke down, the Emden had ported her helm and made a rush at the Sydney, which the Sydney easily eluded, slipping far ahead and always keeping practically at her favorite range. The Emden now doubled back, in an endeavour to close, but the Sydney simply doubled also and steamed parallel to her. The Emden was still firing rapidly, but from this time onwards the Sydney was practically unhurt by any of her shots. Two telling hits had been made by the Emden since the one beforementioned. The first of these was a lyddite, or high explosive, shell, which passed near the funnels and exploded not far from the Sydney's second starboard gun—that is, a gun on the unengaged side of the ship. The high explosive set fire to some paint, and also to some cordite which was ready for loading. Some of the gun's crew picked up this cordite and dumped it overboard, and had just finished doing so, when a second shell, evidently shrapnel, exploded just behind them. Almost every portion of the gun bore some mark of the fragments from this explosion, but, curiously enough, the gun itself was found to be absolutely un-

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injured. Of the gun's crew, however, only two men escaped, two being killed and the rest wounded. The second hit was from a shell which passed over the shoulder of the gunnery lieutenant and struck a youngster who was sitting at the range-finder behind him, stunning him and killing him almost instantly. A fourth shot tore a great hole in the forecastle deck and left its traces all over the flat below, tearing the men's kit bags, defacing a general order posted there, and indenting decks and tables, but doing no other damage.

This is the last damage that the Emden did. Her failure to hit after the first quarter of an hour must have been due, in the first place, to the mental sufferings which her crew were undergoing in the awful hail that now began to rain upon them. Next, from this time also her guns began, one by one, to disappear. Smoke was pouring from every part of her, except her forecastle, and finally, as she turned and doubled again, she was entirely hidden from the Sydney by a cloud of smoke and stopped firing altogether. The Sydney's men thought that she had either sunk or surrendered, and a cheer went up. But presently the Emden came round out of her smoke. The action continued for nearly as long again after this incident. Gun after gun on the Emden ceased fire. Again and again dreadful wreckage was seen floating in the sea. An explosion had made havoc of the deck just aft of the bridge. The second funnel fell over the port side and hung, with the inner casing lolling out of its mouth, into the water. The last and only remaining funnel subsided and lay across the second one, the smoke of all three streaming along the deck. From the bridge aft she seemed to be on continuous fire. At last only one little gun was left—a gun forward on the port side, which spat occasionally.

THE EMDEN GOES ASHORE.

With every portion of her on fire except the forecastle, with her stern actually growing red hot, and the smoke from the stoke-hold escaping from three holes in the deck where once the funnels had been, the Emden was turned towards North Keeling Island to save her from sinking. The German colours—the white ensign with a black cross—were still flying from the mainmast; those on the foremast had, of course, been shot away. Almost to the end the one gun still barked at intervals. Then the ship ran high on to the coral. Her nose was lifted almost clear of the sea.

Although she was high and dry, her colours were still up. For twenty minutes the Sydney steamed up and down past her stern, signalling to her to surrender, but the Emden neither hoisted

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a white flag or pulled down her ensign. Accordingly two more broadsides were fired into her. Then at last a white flag appeared and the German ensign was lowered.

NOT TO BE DESCRIBED.

The condition of the Emden's people was pitiable. No one could describe or could wish to describe the state of affairs on the cruiser herself. Her stern was simply unrecognisable. The greater part of the ship was nothing more than a mass of tangled steel. It was difficult even to get about her. Her survivors were all in the forecastle; one fire had started there and had burnt itself out or been extinguished. There was not a drop of fresh water in the ship, and it is doubtful if any stores at all remained, except perhaps a few biscuits. The survivors had probably had nothing either to eat or to drink since the action started the day before. Heavy seas washed past the ship and had made it almost impossible to attempt to reach the land. In spite of them, the survivors, mostly badly wounded, had struggled to the shore. It is almost certain that some must have been drowned in doing this, although the exact facts of this part of the story will probably never be known, simply because the survivors were not in a condition to tell or remember them. The more experienced of her two doctors seems to have had his leg broken, not in the action, but in reaching the land, and it is said that he drank salt water and died on the evening of the day of the fight.

* * * *

NOV. 10.—Everybody slept soundly last night; the ship's Captain had not slept for three nights, feeling that we were in danger.

NOV 11.—It was officially announced to-day that the Emden passed within twenty miles of us on Sunday night; the fight actually took place about sixty miles off the convoy.

NOV. 13.—We are crossing the line to-day. Father Neptune's bodyguard came on board early to make preparations for the great event. They consist of a dozen of the biggest men on the ship, blackened from head to foot, and painted and feathered as no South Sea savage every knew how to be.

At the eventful hour, the King (the ship's bo'sn), amid the clanging of bells and many other weird noises, stepped on board, escorted by his stalwart guards and surrounded by his court favourites, taking their positions on the stage, they quickly commenced the important business on hand.

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The guards pounced on officers and men alike, and they were duly hauled before His Majesty, who in a solemn voice read a document of great length, which contained the laws of the sacred domains of His Majesty King Neptune.

The ceremony was too long to memorise, but it was to the effect that he, the King, understanding that this person (here he glared at the victim) was a stranger to the private domains of His Majesty; therefore he must be shaved and cleansed before he would be fit to enter that promised land. After the reading of this document, the unwilling victim was forced into a seat with his back to the canvas baths, where he was lathered (or, rather, smothered) with soft soap and dough—shaved, shall I call it?—well, yes; shaved with a huge dummy razor, and finally tripped backward into the baths, where he was ducked and ducked again by the dusky warriors of His Majesty. Officers and men alike accepted this old custom with all its rough handling as a huge joke.

NOV. 15.—Arrived, as expected, at 1.30 p.m. to-day. Colombo presents a grand sight on such a day as we arrived; the splendid buildings, "mostly white," dazzling in the tropical sunshine. H.M.A.S. Sydney, with the Emden prisoners, is alongside the wharf; also the Askold, a large five-funnelled Russian warship. We were treated to a grand sight during the afternoon—the white glistening buildings of the City were entirely arched by a beautiful rainbow, while the bright dancing water and the fleet of ships completed a sight not easily forgotten.

Winter here is too funny! It is just as hot as a summer's day in Sydney.

NOV. 16.—During the morning we boys saw the first woman we had set eyes on for a week. My word, a fellow will appreciate them when we return.

NOV. 17.—Stores came aboard this morning and preparations made to leave. At 11 a.m. the Flagship Orvieto led out; we followed shortly after, passing, as we steamed out, right between the Russian ship Askold and the H.M.S. Hampshire. The boys again scrambled eagerly for their Kodaks and secured many fine pictures.

NOV. 20—The boys are in fine condition. We nearly live in the water or stretched out sun-bathing on deck. The tropical sun has browned us so much that our own Mothers would not know us.

One almost forgets our mission; things are so peaceful. Many an afternoon I have sat on the canvas awning, and gazing on the

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scene, was so impressed with the perfect peace and stillness that reigned that it was hard to persuade oneself it was not all a dream; war seemed the most impossible of all.

NOV. 23.—We sighted land early this morning on the port side, and as the day advanced we drew quite near to the rugged island of Socotra. It is a barren, desolate-looking place, with great bare hills rising straight from the water to a height of several hundred feet.

The Colonel was inspired by the sight of hills, and ordered a parade with full marching order, "packs up"! Oh, my!

NOV. 24.—Socotra has been left far astern; we are entering the Gulf of Aden and expect to arrive at our next port, "Aden," to-morrow afternoon.

To-day has been the most perfect day since leaving Sydney. The water is absolutely motionless, and not a stir in the air; it is hard to believe that we are on the ocean.

NOV. 25.—Arrived as expected. We dropped anchor off Aden at 4.30 p.m.

NOV. 26.—The convoy left Aden early this morning. The weather is terribly hot. We are steaming past the Arabian desert. It is close on our starboard.

NOV. 27.—The heat is becoming awful. I went on parade to-day with nothing but a smile and a towel about me, and even then the perspiration streamed off. The announcement of our destination was made to-day. Everybody's lip dropped. We fully expected to go to France, but there is no such luck. There was a rounding up of those who had dodged vaccination. I was among the number.

DEC. 1.—We had our first distant glimpse of Egypt yesterday afternoon, and this morning are steaming along close to the great curious-looking hills of Pharaoh's land. We cast anchor in Port Suez at midday; the Port is full of ships.

One cannot but notice the wonderful sunsets here. This afternoon the sight defied description.

DEC. 2.—We were greatly surprised this morning to see a large fleet of ships approaching Port. They turned out to be an Indian fleet taking British garrison troops to England. They passed very close to our ship, affording us a splendid view.

The City of Exeter, carrying the Royal Inniskillen Dragoons, was a sight worth seeing. The troops were all dressed in light khaki drill and helmets, and formed solid masses of khaki wherever there was footing. Until they drew nearer, there was much

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speculation as to whether they were British or Indian troops, but the hearty Hurrahs that soon rang out settled all doubt on the matter.

Bugler Watson, of our ship, during a lull in the cheering, started to blow all the calls that crossed his mind. The Dragoons listened quietly until at last he blew the old call that every soldier knows, viz., "Cook House." Immediately there went up a roar of laughter.

DEC. 3.—Just my luck. I had to go into hospital this morning, and was no sooner in bed than we weighed anchor and started through the Canal, which eventually proved to be the most interesting part of the trip. I managed to struggle to the porthole a few times and got a glimpse of the Indians who were entrenched along the banks, but I was robbed of the best part of it.

At 10 p.m. we reached Port Said, which is noted for being one of the quickest coaling stations in the world. Here a couple of hundred natives, carrying small baskets of coal, kept up a continuous stream, and all the while went through a peculiar lament. It was unceasing, and we were entirely done out of our sleep; the noise was so hideous.

DEC. 4.—Early this morning we slipped out of Port Said and commenced our run across the Mediterranean. As we steamed out of port the H.M.S. Swiftsure and two French warships gave us a great cheer. Our band responded with the Marseillaise and Rule Britannia. It was very exciting. I managed to get my head out of a porthole and could not refrain from cheering. Next moment I dropped back into my bunk with my head nearly bursting.

DEC. 5.—We arrived late last night. Alexandria Harbour is packed with ships of every description, including many German prizes. I am having an awful time in hospital. Good old Doctor Kane seems to think that starvation diet is a cure-all. We are only allowed three cups of tea and a little custard a day. But perhaps he knows best.

DEC. 7.—During the morning our ship went alongside the wharf, and the hospital patients were tumbled out of bed and hurried ashore. We were taken by the British R.A.M.C. ambulance to the railway station and there put on the Khedive's hospital train.

Here an amusing incident happened me: I was the first to be put on the train, and somehow or another I was mistaken for an

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officer; a British officer and orderly, the essence of politeness and consideration, assisted me to my bed in the first-class compartment. It was just heavenly. They fussed about me and enquired what I should like to eat or drink; quite innocent of the mistake, I ordered beef tea, and then proceeded to make myself comfortable.

It was some time before the mistake was discovered, and then poor old Jonah was fired out and installed in the same compartment as the common privates, and, mind you, after living in such luxury, even if it was for a short time. Nevertheless, we had a very comfortable bunk, and the English orderlies could not do enough for us.

When all were settled down we were taken out to the Khedive's Palace at Raz-el-Tin, where we stayed for the night. During the afternoon the orderlies took the boots from our boys to prevent them going out, but about twenty of the lads got a second pair out of their black bags and had a great evening in Alexandria.

DEC. 8.—We left Raz-el-Tin at 9.30 this morning and started our journey to Cairo. The scenery was intensely interesting. Our noses were glued to the window-panes throughout the whole journey.

The countryside was almost entirely under cultivation, with here and there quaint mud villages, while at every station crowds of still quainter folk gathered to see the first Australians go by.

It was here we bought our first oringues (oranges), Turkish delight, etc., and handled the first piastres.

At midday we arrived at the Pont Limoun Station and were quickly put on a special tram. While waiting for the tram to start we had a screamingly funny time watching the natives. I thought I had never seen such queer folk before, their dress and ways supplied the boys with no end of fun, while the goods they hawked varied from a glass of water to a pair of trousers. I really believe that if one were to drop from the clouds in a similar condition to the ancient Adam and Eve, all the necessaries wherewith to clothe and feed could be purchased without looking far in the streets of Cairo.

Eventually we started, and the crowd that had stood around the car started with us; they raced like a lot of school children after us, laughing and shouting, and apparently having the time of their lives, and, mind, they were not all children, but men and women.

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At last, however, the car outdistanced the last one, so we settled down for an hour until the car stopped outside the lovely Mena House.

I had been enquiring if there were any places of Biblical or historical interest round about Cairo, but had been informed in the negative. Imagine my surprise, then, when I was lodged in Mena House, right under the shadow of the first Pyramid. "Cheops."

DEC. 9.—My, how I slept last night. I had not been in a bed for about four months; it was just glorious, and, good heavens, what's this? My eyes opened to behold a sweet, almost angelic face only a few inches from my own; my heart nearly stopped beating with the shock, but it turned out to be my sweet little nurse. She was just rousing me, as is the custom, to get up and have a warm bath.

DEC. 10.—I am feeling much better to-day; the doctor gave me permission to get up.

After dinner I thought I should like to have a closer view of the Pyramids, so hiring a guide, I had a quiet walk up to the wonderful Tomb. We then strolled down to the Sphinx, and from there to some of the Tombs. Arriving back at the Pyramid, my guide, who was evidently after my feloos, suggested climbing to the top; by this time I was quite excited, and agreed at once. We started, but I found out very quickly that I was still weak.

Eventually, however, we reached the top, and here had a cup of Egyptian coffee. The scene that lay before us was grand, and really worth the struggle to see. After descending, we explored the interior, and saw the King's Chamber, where that person was buried so many centuries ago.

By the time we had finished I was entirely done up, and was glad to get back to the Hospital and into bed.

DEC. 11.—Feel much better this morning. I was helping the sister to attend the other chaps, when the old doctor, who was on his rounds, gave me my walking ticket.

DEC. 12.—I had an awful night. When I arrived in camp there was nobody to issue blankets. I managed to borrow a single blanket, and an overcoat, but they were well-nigh useless, as it is winter here, so I lay awake nearly all night, shivering on the freezing sand.

Spent the morning on the piazza of Mena House. The view is beautiful; great palms growing in profusion, and showing through just a short distance away are the Pyramids.

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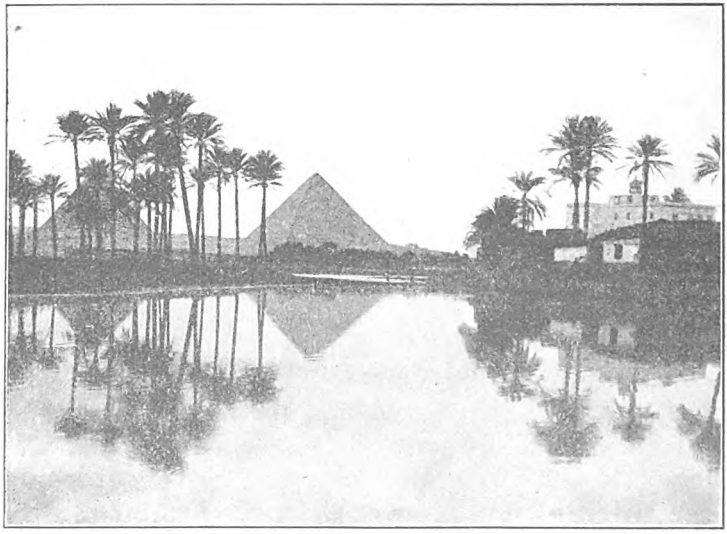
DEC. 13.—To-day being Sunday, we had Church Parade—the first in Egypt, one can hardly realise it.

Our service is being held half-way up the hill on which the Pyramids stand. From there we have a splendid view of the whole camp. Dotted here and there over the desert one can see large black squares; to anyone who did not know, these black spots seem quite insignificant and lifeless, but in every square there are about a thousand men, sprucely dressed, and gathered together for Church Service. Then from one black square, and then from another, come the strains of sacred music, until twelve brass bands, and thousands upon thousands of voices, fill the whole valley with melody.



A PRETTY SPOT NEAR MENA

Such is the order of things in Mena Camp on the Sabbath morning.

One can hardly realise that, almost on the spot where we to-day are gathered in the cause of liberty, the Children of Israel slaved in their bondage.

DEC. 14.—Started duty this morning. Good gracious! talk about water, water all round. It's sand as far as the eye can reach, and it almost pulls one's legs out to march over it.

To-day we marched for an hour and a half across the Libyan Desert; drilled all day; then in the words of the old song, "We all went marching home again."

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DEC. 17.—

BRITISH PROTECTORATE ESTABLISHED.

Cairo, 17th December.

The following proclamation is being read in all provinces of Egypt to-day:—

> "His Britannic Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs gives notice that, in view of the state of war arising out of the action of Turkey, Egypt is placed under the protection of His Majesty, and will henceforth constitute a British protectorate. The suzerainty of Turkey over Egypt is thus terminated, and His Majesty's Government will adopt all measures necessary for the defence of Egypt and will protect the inhabitants and their interests."

DEC. 18.—We are still indulging in our Israelitish capers. Every day this week has been spent trudging across the desert. The sight of sand is becoming awfully monotonous. One sighs to get among the beautiful date palms that fringe the edge of the desert away on our right.

DEC. 19.—No Saturday half-holiday here. I wonder how some of those Trades Hall squealers would like to be with us. You cannot strike here, nor even give a week's notice.

DEC. 20.—

ACCESSION OF THE NEW SULTAN.
AUSTRALIAN TROOPS TAKE PART.

Cairo, 20th December.

The accession ceremony of the new Sultan (Prince Hussein), who was chosen by the British Government to succeed his nephew, the deposed Khedive, was carried out on Saturday.

It took place at the Abdin Palace, to which the new Sultan drove in state.

The Australian 3rd and 5th Infantry Battalions lined the route from the Opera House to Abdin Square, and detachments of the New Zealand and Ceylon contingents and of Lancashire Territorials were stationed along other parts of the route. The Sultan's bodyguard comprised British Yeomanry Cavalry and Egyptian Lancers.

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Upon the Sultan's arrival at the palace a Royal salute of 21 guns was fired by the Egyptian guard, who shouted "Long live the Sultan!"

Major-General Sir John Maxwell, commanding the British forces in Egypt; Major-General Bridges, commanding the Australian Imperial Force; and Brigadier-General Godley, commanding the New Zealand contingent, were subsequently received by the Sultan.

The conduct of the British and Australian troops has much impressed the people of Egypt. A leading Egyptian editor said:—"The manner of your corps towards the natives is much appreciated. The British troops are famous here for their fairness towards the people. Every one is talking of it. If it had been Turkish soldiery, things would have been very different."

In a similar comment, the Egyptian newspaper "Misi" says:—"It suffices us to be proud and happy under the British protectorate when we see thousands of her soldiers invading the streets of the capital without having to record a single act of aggression. If it were Turks, we would see a succession of scenes of pillage, oppression, and violence."

DEC. 21.—Usual parade to-day. Leave this afternoon, some of we boys went to Cairo and saw sights never to be forgotten and too awful to write down.

DEC. 23.—It is wonderful how one becomes accustomed to marching on the sand; we Bandsmen are so used to it now that we play across the sand almost as easily as on the road.

DEC. 24.—The Battalion had a most interesting march to-day. We marched a couple of miles across the sand and then entered a palm grove.

From here we continued our march along the narrow roads that twist in and out through the cultivated area of the Nile Valley. Here and there we came upon the quaint mud villages (they hardly deserve that respectable term) inhabited by the fellahean, and it was here that we had our first real glimpse of native domestic life.

Can you imagine shanties built of mud and cornstalks, without a vestige of flooring or any other of the ordinary comforts. And huddled together in these wretched hovels you see men and women, cows and buffaloes, children and goats, fowls, sheep, donkeys, and, standing just outside because they are too big to get in, a couple of camel.

Continuing our march, we had an opportunity of seeing the

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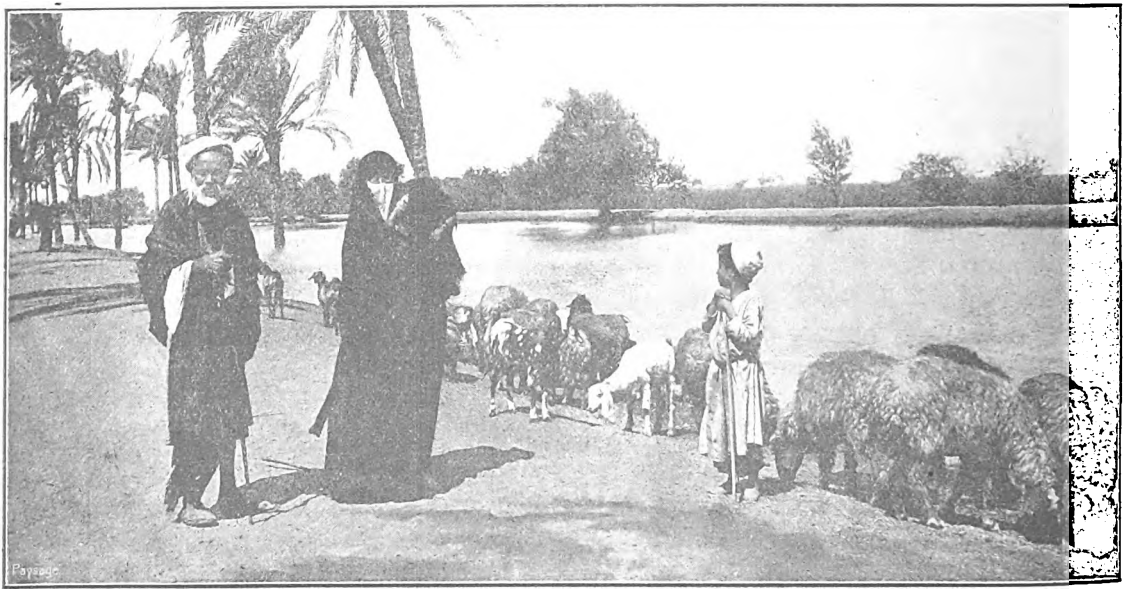
antiquated, yet interesting methods used by the natives in growing and handling their crops.

Egypt can boast of her wonderful irrigation scheme, but it ends at that, the methods used to water the farms are as ancient as the Pyramids themselves. One is highly amused to see a yoke of blindfolded oxen wandering slowly round and round, just keeping in motion an old water-wheel with buckets attached. Another method is a kind of see-saw arrangement that is erected



THE FERTILE NILE VALLEY

on the bank of the canal; the see-saw consists of a stout pole about ten feet high, firmly embedded in the ground, while the horizontal, a pole from twelve to fifteen feet long, is attached to the top. The machine itself now being finished, the native next ties a length of rope to the end of the see-saw that overhangs the stream, while on the opposite end he attaches a large stone which is necessarily heavier than the bucket full of water. Then work commences in earnest; for hours a native will stand in the water, and pulling on the rope to which the bucket is tied, he will weigh the stone up, fill the bucket, then releasing the rope, the water is drawn up by the weight of the stone; when it reaches a certain level he will again hold the rope, tilt the water into a pipe that protrudes from the bank, then weigh the bucket down for another refill.

It was just as we were enjoying these interesting sights that

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the Second Battalion repulsed the first attack made on them, a huge water buffalo, evidently scared by the unusual presence of so many men, and the music of the band, after a preliminary snort lowered its head, stiffened its tail, and with an angry roar charged. I expected to see a scatter, but the boys were not at all upset, those nearest whipped out their bayonets, fixed, and awaited the attack. The old buffalo charged almost up to the wall of levelled bayonets, then thinking discretion the better part of valor, turned tail and rushed away through the crops.

A most interesting day concluded with a swinging march along the beautiful Charah-el-Haram (Pyramids Road) beneath the shade of the avenue of trees, while the band excelled themselves.

DEC. 25.—Christmas Day. I think there were more offers of bets made this morning than there has been since the Camp started, and all on the one thing—"Are we, or are we not, going to get anything special for Xmas dinner?" A few of we boys spent the morning at the Sphinx and Pyramids; when we started they were offering even money there would be nothing extra, but when we returned, everyone was pessimistic, and offers of two to one went unaccepted. I might add it was all a joke they were indulging in, they have learned to take the bad with the good.

Eventually dinner-time came, what a time we had. Eternal STEW, as usual, and in addition, three-quarters of a preserved peach, ten raisins (without almonds), and a small piece of cake, which all the countrymen called "Brownie." Nevertheless, by seasoning the stew with jokes, we managed to enjoy ourselves immensely.

As soon as leave passes were issued in the afternoon, there was a scramble for Cairo; nobody waited for tea-time, but rushed the cafes at once, and finished Xmas Day in royal fashion.

DEC. 30.—Inspection of troops by Sir George Reid to-day. It turned out a wretched day; sand blew about, almost cutting one's eyes out. Nevertheless the Battalions marched splendidly.

Sir George was in good form, and delivered a fine speech to the boys, frequently causing much laughter.

The following is a copy of his speech:—

> "Sir John Maxwell, General Birdwood, Mr. Mackenzie, General Bridges, officers and men,—I am glad to see you all. I am only sorry that I cannot take each of you by the hand of friendship. Many anxious mothers have implored me to look after their sons. Alas! it is impossible; but I rejoice

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to think that you are under officers who will be true guardians of you throughout the length of this great venture.

"The youngest of these august Pyramids was built 2,000 years before our Saviour was born. They have been silent witnesses to many strange events; but I do not think that they could ever have looked down upon so unique a spectacle as this splendid array of Australian soldiers, massed to defend them. Who can look upon these majestic monuments of antiquity without emotion, without regret? How pathetic, how stupendous, how useless, have been these gigantic efforts to preserve the bodily presence of Egyptian kings from the oblivion to which all mortality is doomed. It is the soul of deeds that lives for ever. Imperishable memories have sprung from nameless graves on land and sea, whilst stately sepulchres are dumb. The homes of our Imperial race are scattered far and wide, but the breed remains the same—as staunch, as stalwart, as loyal in the east and west, and in our own south, as in the northern Motherland.

"What brings these forces here? Why do their tents stretch across this narrow parting of the ways between worlds new and old? Are you on a quest in search of gain such as led your fathers to the Austral shore? Are you preparing to invade and outrage weaker nationalities in lawless raids of conquest? Thank God, your mission is as pure and as noble as any soldiers undertook to rid the world of would-be tyrants.

AUSTRALIA'S STAINLESS HONOUR.

"In this bright climate, beneath these peaceful skies, which tempt so strongly, do not forget the awful ordeal which is near you. Do not forget the fearful risks which you are approaching. Do not forget the desperate battles, long drawn out, which you must fight and win. Do not forget Lord Kitchener's warning to the soldiers of the Empire. Do not forget the distant homes that love you. Do not forget the fair fame and stainless honour of Australia committed to your keeping. A few bad ones can sully the reputation of a whole army. If such there be in these ranks before me they must be shunned. They must be thrust out. The first and best of all victories you can ever win is the victory of self-control. Hearts of oak, nerves of flawless steel come that way.

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"Remember the generous rivalries that await you. Remember the glorious soldiers of the British Isles, of the British Empire, who long to greet you on the battle-line. Remember the heroes of Belgium, of France, of Russia, of Servia, and Japan. Remember all the fleets are watching on every sea. The allied interest is deep and vital, but there are interests deeper and more vital still. The whole destinies of the world are at stake in this Titanic struggle. Shall the hands of fate point backwards to universal chaos or forward to everlasting peace? Backwards they must not, shall not, go. It is impossible. True culture, crowned with chivalry and good faith, will prove too strong once more for savage tricks and broken faith.

"Good luck. May God be with you, each and all, until we meet again."

DEC. 31.—The last day of 1914 has dawned, and under circumstances that I never dreamed of. I trust the coming year will be the dawn of peace. May God stay the war that means such misery and suffering to so many innocent women and children.

JANUARY 1st, 1915.—Talk about a Bedlam! the confusion that prevailed the last moments of the Old Year and the beginning of the New was simply terrifying. A dozen brass bands marched around the Camp, one could hear carols, rags, hymns and marches all mixed together, while the bagpipes of the Fourth Battalion supplied a soothing obligato.

The officers started the New Year well; they treated us to a plum duff, a bottle of Burton's ale between four men, and nine cheap biscuits each.

We all received a large tin of chocolates from the War Office, London. It was what the Gippo would call, Quise Katere, "very good."

JAN. 2.—Started sand marching again this morning. We came in an hour early and thought we were doing well; but it was too good to be true. After dinner we were trotted off again, and then finished up with a night march.

Some of the boys coined some unprintable Latin phrases when they trotted us off three times in one day.

JAN. 6.—A terrific sand-storm sprang up while out in the desert to-day; the sand and gravel stung our faces and filled our eyes. We were lost for quite a time, but eventually the top of

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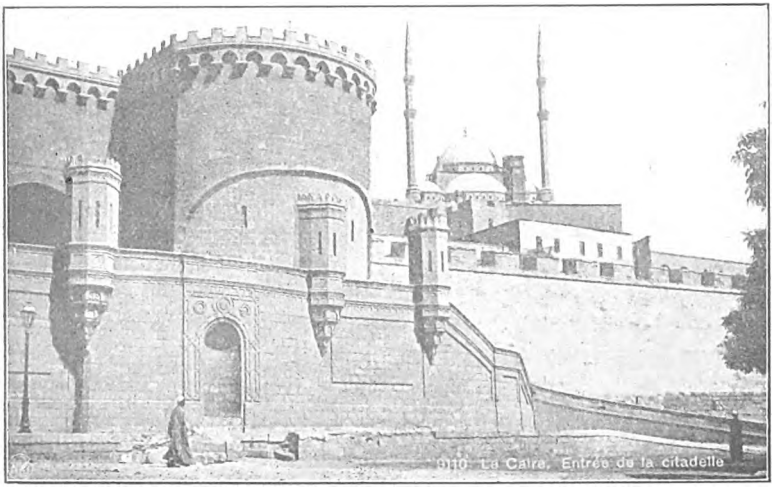
the Pyramid became visible, so we were thus enabled to find our way back to camp.

JAN. 10.—The weather is simply delightful here now, to-day is similar to a perfect spring day in dear old Sydney. There being no parade to-day (Sunday), some of we boys walked over to the Sphinx to have our photos taken; I had mine taken on Captain Wallack's mare. We then had lunch at Mena Village, and set out for the Zoological Gardens at Ghezieh. I believe the Zoo is one of the most charming places I have ever seen.

We were surprised while in the Gardens to hear a bagpipe band playing familiar Scotch airs, and you can imagine how our



ENTRANCE TO THE CITADELLE, BUILT 1170

eyes opened wide, when on investigating, we found the band consisted of natives, gaudily dressed, marching and countermarching, and playing "their" Scotch airs with all the conceit so common with natives.

JAN. 16.—Awful march to Valley of Despair for musketry test to-day. The average shooting was very satisfactory.

JAN. 19.—Still sand trudging; I feel just leg-weary and footsore. We are really getting stale with too much of it. It is just wonderful how the men keep in such good spirits, in the face of such rotten conditions; never let anybody say again that Australians will not submit to discipline; the whole Division is working splendidly.

For some time our day's work has been:—Reveille at 6.15.

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a.m.; breakfast, 7 a.m.; fall in, 8.30. The day is spent in musketry or skirmishing, which in itself is not so bad, but the march out and back is just the dizzy limit. Usually we arrive back at 4 p.m., sometimes later, for our "dinner," then tea comes on about an hour later. Frequently we are again taken out after tea; this time for an evening stroll, just a few miles, you know; and quite often one has to carry a pick or shovel to do a little exercise by the way, just to keep fit.

But in spite of these things there never was a happier, better-natured or more enthusiastic lot of men on this earth.

JAN. 23.—Kit and feet inspection this morning. General leave from 12.30. Several of us visited the Citadel and Mosque of Mahomed Ali—it is a feast of art. I shall set by itself a description of the Mosque, one of the greatest sights it has been my good fortune to see.

* * * *

The Citadel and Mosque of Mahomed Ali

If there is any sight that is worthy of the tourists' attention it is the Mosque of Mahomed Ali and the old Citadel walls. Situated as it is at such a short distance from Cairo, no visitor to that city should miss the wonderful sight that offers at such small expense and inconvenience. The visitor can take tram from Ataba-el-Khadra for the sum of two millemes ($\frac{1}{2}$d.) or gharry for a few piastres, while the more venturesome can hire a donkey and attendant for two piastres (5d.).

Having reached the great entrance gates, you will pass straight on into the courtyard, being challenged at several points by British sentries.

Before entering the Mosque, it is necessary to hire a pair of slippers at the cost of one piastre ($2\frac{1}{2}$d.), which fit, "or rather, do not fit" over your boots; during my visit the slippers were of such a size that, despite the fact that I was wearing large seven military boots, it was really a temptation to try and get both feet into one. If the same slippers are in use during the tourist season I certainly feel sorry for the ladies.

But let us get inside and see this mosque of which we have heard so much, in fact, claims to be second only to one other, the great Saint Sophia Mosque of Constantinople.

Having adjusted our slippers, we are confronted by another

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individual, who turns out to be a dragoman (guide); it is not necessary to hire his services, but it is certainly advisable; for two piastres he will show you the most interesting points and relate their history.

The great courtyard of the Mosque is approximately 180ft. by

MAHOMED ALI MOSQUE

180ft. The courtyard is paved with slabs of marble 4ft. square; in the centre stands the beautiful font—it is about the size of our bandstands, and not unlike one. The massive ornamental dome of the font is supported by eight beautiful polished alabaster columns. Standing close by, we next saw the well, which is said to be 320ft. deep, sinking right down to the river Nile.

Entering the Sanctuary, you are amazed at the magnificence

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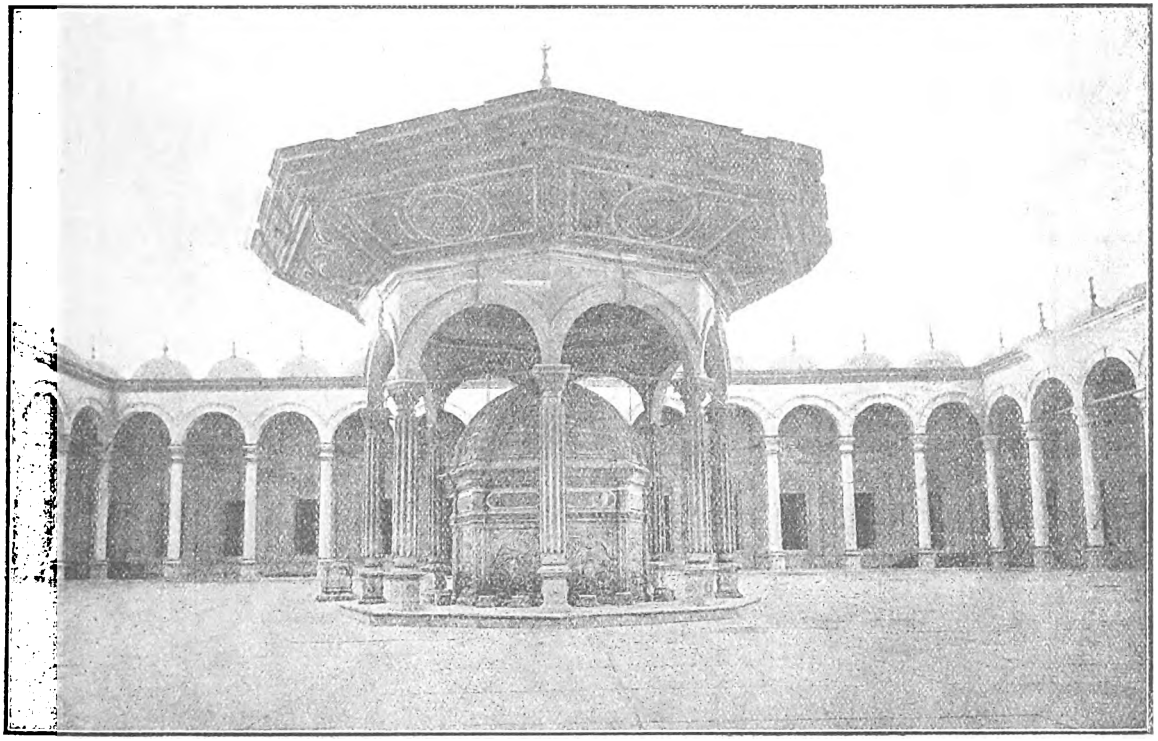
of the whole place. The first object that claims you attention is the glorious crystal chandelier of wondrous size, presented, I am told, by Phillip of France. Surrounding the central chandelier are several circles of hanging globes with smaller chandeliers in the four corners.

Looking down from the lights, you are fascinated with the richness of the deep blood-red carpet, the simple pattern carried out



THE COURTYARD AND FONT, MAHOMED ALI MOSQUE

in light sage-green tones is wonderfully effective. The Sanctuary is approximately 170ft. wide by 220ft. long, and is entirely covered by this beautiful carpet.

Glancing around, one utters a gasp of admiration at the soft, warm glow of light that floods through the coloured glass windows high up in the wall and suffuses the walls with glorious rainbow tints. Being interested in stained-glass work I closely examined the windows, and was amazed to find that they were composed of the very plainest glass, but such was the arrangement of the colours, that, standing off a short distance, you would believe them to be expensive antiques.

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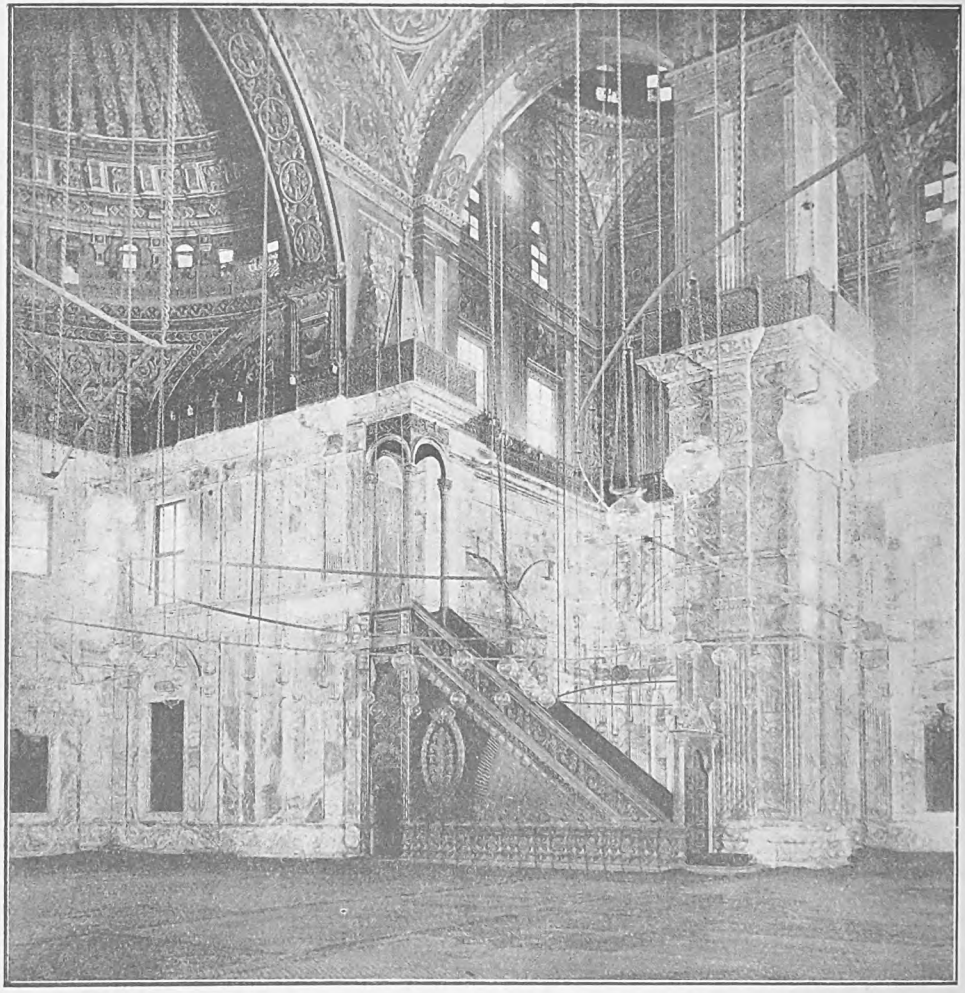
The walls are beautiful enough in the daytime, but when the hundreds of lights are aglow (which happens only five times during the year for special religious functions), the walls appear



SANCTUARY OF MAHOMED ALI MOSQUE

like great amber transparencies, being entirely composed of polished amber alabaster.

The four huge pillars that support the roof are the only part other than alabaster, that particular stone being considered insufficiently strong to carry the enormous weight of the roof.

Turning our attention to the dome, one is simply stricken dumb with the glory of it. The huge central dome, which rises to

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a height of 230ft. from the floor, is surrounded by four smaller though none the less beautiful domes.

I could not but notice a curious coincidence in connection with the domes. The Rising Sun forms the base of the design on every panel of the central dome; above the entrance to the Sanctuary glitters another huge Rising Sun; while the panelled side of the Mimbar (Pulpit) is resplendent with the golden rays of still another Rising Sun.

It seems strange that, after these hundred and twenty odd years, we boys, wearing the crest of the Rising Sun of Australia, should stand and gaze on the handiwork of the unfortunate craftsman who executed this beautiful work. I say "unfortunate," let me add here, so satisfied was Mahomed Ali with the work, that he ordered the poor fellow's eyes to be put out, so as to prevent him executing a similar piece of work elsewhere.

* * * *

JAN. 24.—Sunday again afforded us an opportunity of seeing more of those interesting sights which abound in Pharaoh's land.

To-day we visited the Temple of the Sphinx. There is not a great deal left of this once wonderful structure, but what there is speaks volumes for the workmanship of the ancient inhabitants; many of these ruins, although they are some four or five thousand years old, will still exist when the best of the present-day structures are forgotten.

The roof of this Temple is entirely gone, but the white alabaster floor, the huge red granite blocks of the walls, and the massive granite pillars that once supported the roof are sufficient evidence of the wonderful skill of the builders. Some of the granite blocks in the wall are approximately 20ft. x 6ft. x 4ft., and the angles of these huge blocks are shaped to lock into one another. One slab that forms the ceiling of a tomb in the Temple is 15ft. x 8ft. x 2ft. 6in. thick. There are sixteen granite pillars, 16ft. high x 4ft. square.

The wonderful part of the work is, although there is no cement or similar material to bind the blocks together, so perfect are they that you cannot put a sheet of paper between them.

FEB. 3.—I climbed to the top of Cheops Pyramid this afternoon; the view is simply wonderful. East of the Pyramid lies the green, fertile Nile Valley. As far as the eye can see, it is a vast expanse of varying shades of rich green; while looking west,

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you can see nothing but burning white sand, excepting the huge Mena Camp that nestles almost at one's feet.

The 7th and 8th Battalions, 2nd Infantry Brigade, left Mena for Ismailia to-day.

FEB. 4.—Brigade field firing competition to-day. My company, "representing the Battalion," manœuvred splendidly into position, and then the officer squashed the whole effort by forgetting to pass fire orders, consequently only about half of the men fired, thus losing first place.

We heard from the staff officers who were judging that we would have easily won had it not been for this.

However, we were allotted second place, honours going to the 3rd Battalion.

I went inside of the second Pyramid (Chephren) this afternoon, and had a sit down in the coffin of a chap who died about five thousand years ago.

* * * *

The Sphinx

Situated east of the Pyramid, and close alongside of the granite Temple, the Sphinx is an extremely interesting sight.

It lies facing practically east, staring across the Nile Valley towards the great Mokattam Hills and Minarets of Cairo.

Before it was cut out, it is said to have roughly resembled the body of a lion with a human head; at all events, somewhere about the same period as the building of the Pyramids, Cathro set to and carried out the work of carving the huge figure.

It is approximately seventy-five feet high, the face being carved in the likeness of King Chephren of the second pyramid. The body formerly took the form of a lion's body, but Time has told its tale, and to-day the great body has crumbled away considerably, while the paws have disappeared altogether. The face has also suffered, the nose and left ear being severely damaged, but this was caused by—well, what was it?—there are two theories. It is said that during the Napoleonic invasion the Sphinx was struck by cannon ball, but many say that, like the mummies and ornaments of the Pyramid,

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the disfigurement of the Sphinx is another demonstration of hatred by the Arabs.

The latest theory, however, is that the disfigurement is due to "Those Australians."

* * * *

The Pyramids "Cheops and Chephren"

Can you endeavour to imagine, dear reader, the magnificence of the Pyramids, as they appeared three of four thousand years ago, when comparatively new? I have often tried to picture the great Tomb, standing, as it does, on the plateau at Ghezieh, towering to a height of 481ft. in a perfect apex; with its 3,500,000 cubic yards of masonry; containing, it is calculated, 2,300,000 separate blocks of stone, each of about forty cubic feet; and covering an area of thirteen acres; while the casing stones, which were of finest limestone, were so perfectly smooth that the face of the Pyramid appeared like a huge sheet of glass.

Now, dear reader, since you have some idea of the proportions of the Pyramid, can you imagine yourself standing a hundred yards off, gazing at this mighty apex that glitters like silver in the sunshine, standing close by the wonderful Sphinx, not as it is to-day, but fresh from the hands of the sculptor, rolling on in undulating waves, the far-stretching ocean of sand; and above, a dome of unapproachable blue sky. If you can get anything approaching a correct idea of its ancient glory into your mind, you will always have respect for the builders of early Egypt.

But to-day the definition of Cheops is: "It is the oldest antiquity, and one of the seven wonders of the world."

There are theories innumerable as to the methods used in erecting this monstrous Tomb; it is, and has been one of the most widely discussed questions, but at present the theory generally accepted is that the stones, after being drawn up specially prepared planes, were raised gradually on wedge-ended rollers, starting with a small roller and working on to larger ones, really a method of wedging. This theory is put forward by the Principal of the Museum at Cairo, who is reputed to know more of Egyptian antiquity than any other person alive.

But to-day there remains nothing to admire apart from the colossal proportions. Six centuries ago, the casing stones, which,

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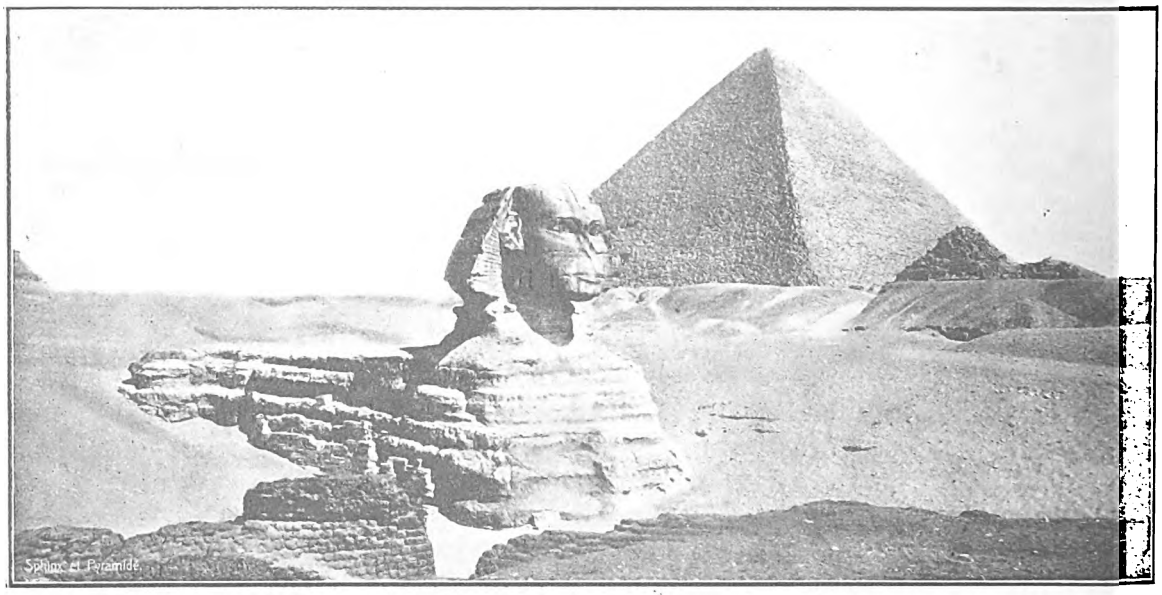
I am told, were so perfect that nowhere between them could be found room for more than a fiftieth of an inch of cement, were removed at the order of Sultan Hassan, who utilised them for the construction of a Mosque named after himself, and situated directly opposite the Citadel.

It is just as well that Cheops lived as long as he did, otherwise the Pyramid would probably have remained as others have; there are unfinished Pyramids to be seen that tell the story of some ruler who has started to build, but unfortunately has died



THE SPHINX AND PYRAMID OF CHEOPS

before he intended to. But Cheops, we are told, reigned for fifty years, and was thus afforded plenty of time to complete the wonderful Tomb that has perpetuated his name

The Pyramid, "which occupied thirty years to build, with 100,000 men working at a time," is built on a solid rock foundation, and previous to the advent of the American skyscraper, was the tallest construction in the world, with the exception of the Cologne Cathedral. The largest stone in the Pyramid is in the roof of the King's Chamber; it weighs eighty tons.

* * * *

FEB. 5.—The first death in our Battalion occurred to-day. Private Law, C Company. A very touching incident happened in connection with the death of Private Law.

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It is customary, I understand, in the British Army, to sell by auction the belongings of any man that dies. This custom was carried out, and not only proved a financial help to the lad's people, but showed the true spirit of the boys. The Company Sergeant-Major conducted the auction, and before starting, announced that, should the men have no money, it could be booked up against their pay. In a very few minutes, the boys, anxious to swell the final total, were bidding unheard of prices. I shall just give a few items to illustrate. A khaki shirt brought £1 5s., a pair of bootlaces 9s., socks 3s. and 4s, singlet 10s.; so they went on outbidding one another, until the grand total of £25 was reached. There was more than one lad who, through their unsel-

KASR-EL-NIL BRIDGE

fieshness, had to do without money for three and perhaps four weeks, but nobody regretted it.

FEB. 9.—Battalion on twenty-four hours' bivouac. We started out from camp at eight, and marched for five hours through the beautiful fertile land surrounding the Nile. Arriving at our base of operations, we commenced an advance across great stretches of drift sand, so soft that we sank up to our ankles, over hills of shale that stood like islands in the desert, and finally we entrenched for the night.

It is out in the desert that one feels the Egyptian winter, after a hot day's work, to settle down in trenches with the low, freezing wind sweeping across the desert sand, is about the nearest approach you can get to the South Pole.

FEB. 10.—Light, very light, breakfast, then off on our long

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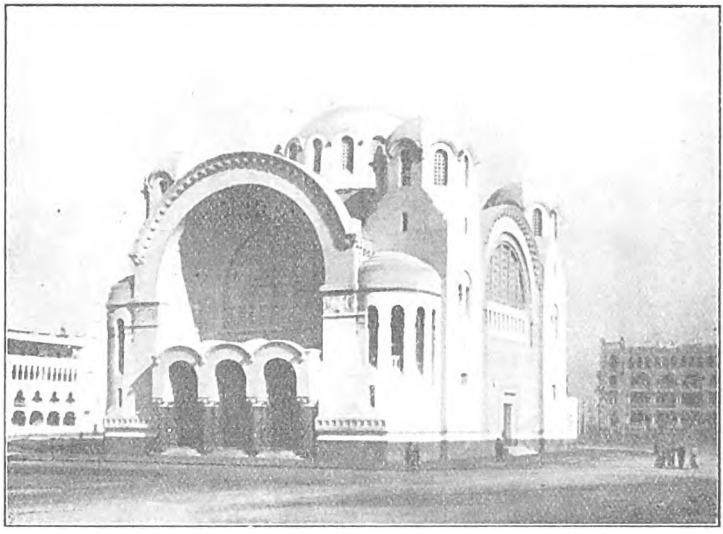
march back to camp. The Colonel was very well satisfied with our work, and gave us a few pounds of soft-soap.

FEB 12.—The band played for the funeral of Lance-Corporal Myall this morning. Meanwhile the 1st Brigade left camp for a five days' bivouac. On returning we found them gone, so had lunch and started out after them. After three hours' march we



A CHURCH AT HELIOPOLIS

arrived at the base, to find the whole Brigade out on a night attack, so we turned in and spent a cosy night at the base.

FEB. 13.—The Brigade returned at 2 p.m., tired out. Spent the rest of the day in camp.

FEB. 14.—Leave until 1.30, so there was a rush to visit the Sakarah Pyramids, which were only a couple of miles from our bivouac. We had a grand time, and were fortunate enough to see the ruins of the oldest known building in the world. Brigade on big test.

We marched out of camp at 9 o'clock this evening and plodded right on through the night with only one stop of an hour, and that on a hard country road, with cart ruts for a pillow, and as cold as the North Pole.

FEB. 15.—We marched all through last night until 5.30 this morning—8½ hours—then without a halt we charged an entrenched position at the top of a steep hill. It was a great sight in the dusk of the early morning, four thousand men with fixed

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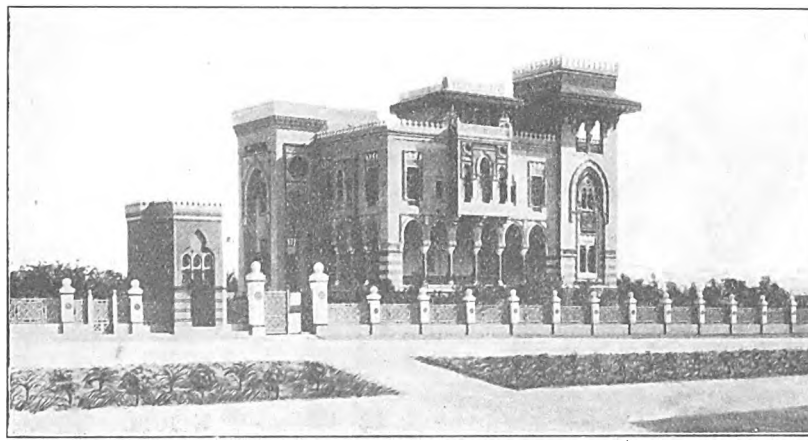
bayonets racing across the sand without a sound, not even a word of command given above a whisper. Without a spell we entrenched, after which we were marched off for breakfast. Finishing our meal, we were off again, and carried out a big skirmish until 1 p.m. Finally we reached our bivouac, after seventeen hours' continuous work on the sand.

FEB. 16.—Broke camp to-day and started off on our three hours' march home. Brigadier MacLaurin congratulated the men on their work, and stated that they were quite fit for the front;



A TYPICAL HOME, HELIOPOLIS

here the men gave vent to a yell of delight at the very suggestion of going. He added that we had worked so hard we were to have the rest of the week off.

FEB. 19.—Good gracious! They have gone vaccination mad. We were done a second time only three days ago, and now they are lining all hands up for another dose. "I'm going for a walk."

FEB. 23.—Officially announced that we are leaving for Marseilles in two weeks.

MARCH 1.—Leave to-day. Had dinner in Cairo, then took electric train to Heliopolis. In 1911 this place was a barren waste; to-day, thanks to a wealthy Belgian Company, it is the fashionable suburb of Cairo. The streets are really fine, and every building seems to be a mansion.

From Heliopolis I took the train to Matariah to see the Obelisk, "same as Cleopatra's needle," which is supposed to have stood since the time of Moses. The Obelisk stands about fifty

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feet high, and is cut from one piece of granite, being covered with ancient Egyptian characters.

The Virgin's tree and well, where the Holy Family were supposed to have rested during their flight to Egypt, is also to be seen at Matariah.

MARCH 6.—I woke up to the fact that it was my birthday

THE OBELISK AT MATARIAH

to-day, so decided to keep it up over at Mena Village, and was nearly poisoned for my trouble.

MARCH 16.—Good heavens, what's going to happen? During the early hours of the morning it rained heavily, and kept on for quite a time. It is absolutely the first rain that has fallen since the first night we arrived in Cairo, over three months.

MARCH 18.—our band was asked to play for the funeral of Major Parker, 8th Battery, Field Artillery. The funeral and service was very impressive, the band playing "Chopin's Funeral

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March" and "Dead March in Saul." Previous to enlisting, the Major was Crown Prosecutor in Western Australia.

MARCH 20.—The 2nd Battalion Sports were held this afternoon opposite Mena House, where a splendid afternoon was spent.

One never dreamed of holding sports in such a place. Just imagine Australians, many of whom had never been out of bush towns, others who had never seen any place but the city in which they were born, indulging in sports under the very shadow of Cheops Pyramid, with the beautiful Charah-el-Haram bordering the ground; it was a sight long to be remembered. Some of the sights would have inspired a cartoonist had there been one present.

Can one imagine the sedate old Colonel, astride a donkey, excitedly waving his cane, and urging his mount to greater speed in the donkey race for officers; or, again, Sergeant (Teddie) Larkin, M.P., trotting about the ground with a bunch of lucerne, suspended on his stick in front of the donkey's nose.

MARCH 30.—Everybody astir early this morning. Sir Ian Hamilton is to inspect the whole force at Mena Camp. At 8.45 the band struck up a stirring march, and led the way along Infantry Road at a good swinging step. On arriving at the inspection ground, the Battalions took up their respective positions: the First on the left, and so on to the Eighth on the right, while the Machine-gun Section, Signallers, and Transport took up their position at the rear of the Battalions.

A few minutes later, Sir Ian Hamilton, attended by the Staff, dashed into view and took up their position, while the Eighth Battalion band played the General Salute. As the last strains of music died away, we heard the order from the Commander, "The parade will present arms." The order was repeated by the Brigade Commanders, and, as one man, eight thousand came to the present, their bayonets flashing like a wave of silver in the sunshine.

Sir Ian inspected each Battalion, riding through every Company. The march past then began. Our band took up a position opposite the saluting base, to play for the march, and thus we were afforded a good position to watch the splendid marching of the Battalions. The 2nd Battalion band had been asked to play for the march past of the mounted units; so, as soon

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as the last man passed us, we were obliged to grab our instruments and rush, as hard as we could go, to a place called the White House, about two miles across the desert. Here a flagstaff had been erected, with the Union Jack floating in the breeze.

We formed up alongside the flagpole, and had just taken up our position when the General and Staff galloped up. From far

THE BEDOUIN'S PRAYER

down the desert we could now see a great cloud of sand rising; it appeared at first like a sand-storm rising; but shortly after there emerged from the cloud the guns of the Australian Field Artillery. They came on at a smart trot, the splendid horses whisking the heavy guns through the sand as though there was no weight in them. Past the saluting base swung Battery after Battery, followed by the Ammunition Column, Transport Division, and, lastly, the Light Horse.

We thought that all had now passed, but another cloud of sand, approaching rapidly, warned us that others were coming.

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On came the cloud, and then suddenly out of it dashed a screen of Light Horsemen, flung right out, far across the desert. They made a fine picture. The horses, with heads in the air, galloped like furies; while the riders, with rifle in one hand and the other engaged in controlling their fiery mounts, rode with perfect ease. This last splendid effort caused quite a buzz of excitement among the Staff Officers. Sir Ian Hamilton expressed his delight in no uncertain manner.

APRIL 2.—Good Friday. Early Church Parade this morning, 7.30. There was an exceptional calm over the Camp. Apart from the hymns that flooded the valley, there was not a sound. We were suddenly warned to prepare to move off to-morrow. I could not help thinking that the quiet morning had been the calm before the storm, the announcement seems too sudden to be true.

OFF TO THE FRONT.

APRIL 3.—Things are very quiet this morning, nearly everybody concluded that the notice to move off was just another of the many false alarms. At eleven o'clock orders to be ready to march off at five were given, so we began to think there was something in it. At 4 p.m. "Stand by tents" was given; then, at the bugle call, every tent was dropped. At 4.30 the Fourth Battalion, headed by their pipe band, marched away amid tremendous cheering. At 5 p.m. we looked our last at the old camp, and with the band playing the Regimental March, swung off along the Infantry Road, Canberra Road, and into the Charah-el-Haram, where we settled down in earnest for the ten-mile march to Pont Limoun Station. The march through Cairo created a great deal of excitement, a big crowd following right to the station.

APRIL 4.—We bade farewell to Cairo at midnight, shouting a good-bye to the many friends who came to see us off. At 4 a.m. we steamed into the Austrian Lloyd wharf, where our ship was berthed; half an hour later we filed on board, and were informed that we were to travel by the Derfflinger, a German prize. During the morning the 3rd Battalion came aboard.

It was amazing the supplies that simply flowed on board, swarms of natives, and scores of our lads worked at high pressure loading iron rations, sand-bags, and ammunition, while on the opposite side a swarm of natives transferred coal from barges to the ship.

The whole scene was one of grim reality, and, in the

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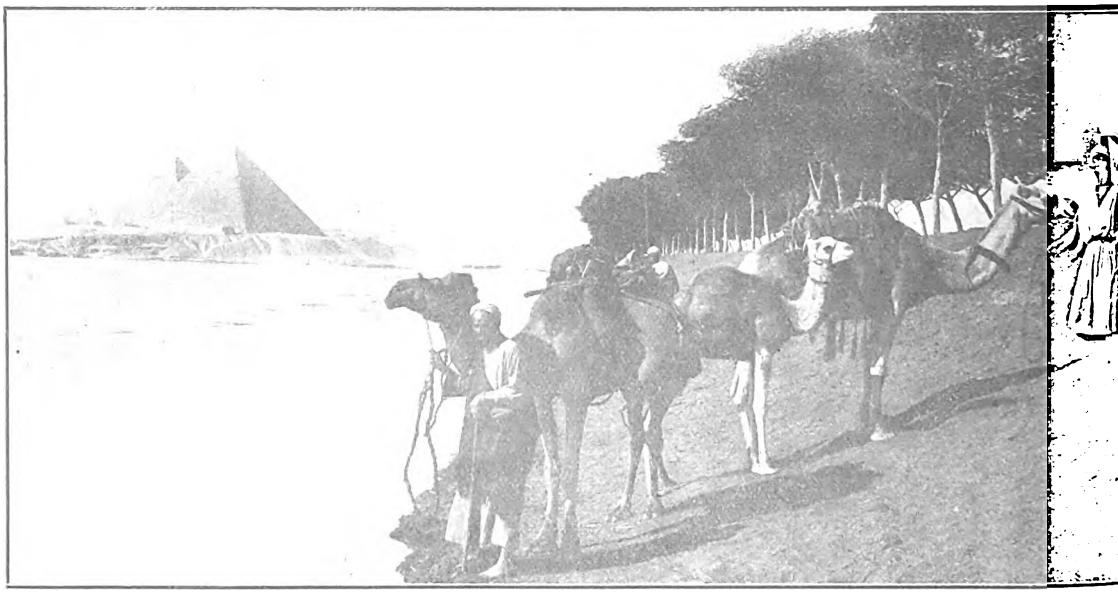
phraseology of the man in the street, "something was doing." During the morning I managed to get off for an hour, and hurried up to the town; there are several fine buildings, amongst them the Royal Ottoman Bank, Stein's Stores, and the Bourse. These buildings are all facing Mahomed Ali Square, in the centre of which stands a huge statue of that famous person. Apart from the Square, Alexandria is not to be compared with Cairo.

APRIL 5.—Still loading at a great rate. Accommodation is



THE ROAD TO MENA (CHARAH-EL-HARAM)

awfully rough here; we are sleeping in the holds, as one lad said, "we sleep on iron floor with iron walls and ceiling, we eat iron rations, and we have a bloke called Ian (Iron) Hamilton commanding us; altogether we are having an(f)iron time." During the afternoon a large crowd assembled to see us off, but it was after 7 p.m. when we pulled out, the crowd in the meanwhile having left.

APRIL 7.—Land in sight on waking this morning. During the day it became quite distinct. We were told to-day that we should probably have to land in ships' boats, so have been busy at boat drill.

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LEMNOS.

APRIL 8.—At 9.15 this morning we steamed close under the pretty lighthouse of Lemnos Island, and an hour later cast anchor in the beautiful harbour. The Russian warship Askold, H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth, Triumph, London, Prince of Wales, and others which were recently at the Dardanelles, are all at anchor here. The day has been a busy one, serving out ammunition, etc., and preparing for the next move. We are only a couple of hours' run from the Peninsula.

APRIL 9.—The pretty harbour of Lemnos is a sight worth seeing. It is surrounded by green, undulating hills, which are dotted here and there with quaint old windmills; the dancing, sun-lit water completes a charming picture.

APRIL 11.—Quite a novel collection of ships are arriving; there are Dreadnoughts, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, North Sea trawlers, water ships, oil ships, tramps carrying seaplanes, captive balloons, etc., and transports galore. We were treated to a fine aeroplane flight this afternoon.

APRIL 12.—The head officers paid a visit to the Dardanelles to-day on the Queen Elizabeth, for the purpose of inspecting the proposed landing-places. We are having glorious weather, with an occasional refreshing shower of rain.

APRIL 13.—On parade to-day we were given particulars of the Turkish Army, that have so far been gleaned. The men recognise the colossal task before them, but there is a spirit of determination and absolute confidence.

Meanwhile, we are having an easy time. We chew nuts, figs, Turkish delight, oranges and apples all day long; these are purchased from the quaint trading boats that gather around the ship. The men also spend a good deal of the day swimming about the Bay. They make good use of the ship and dive from the top decks.

APRIL 14.—We are to go ashore to-day to stretch our legs. About 10 a.m., naval pinnaces, towing long strings of boats, came alongside. We were quickly landed, and spent a most interesting day marching through the villages.

The folk are quite different to the Egyptians which we so recently left. They lead clean, simple lives, the children being particularly noticeable on account of their gentle ways and clean

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appearance. The country is beautifully green and apparently very fertile. At times we marched across fields that were just one sheet of white daisies; it seemed a crime to trample them underfoot; but they were so thick, it was impossible to avoid them. Then would come a field of oats, thick with poppies; then again a field of pretty violet-coloured flowers, the scent of which filled the air.

After an extremely interesting day we returned to the boats and the Jack Tars soon had us on the ship again. One cannot speak too highly of the way in which the Navy carried out their work.

APRIL 16.—To-day has been just perfect. Early this morning the naval pinnaces again took us ashore. On landing, we were marched about a quarter of a mile to the top of a beautiful grassy, flowery hill; here we sat down and had our lunch, and feasted our eyes on the perfect view that lay before us.

The scene reminded one of a holiday by the seaside. The little beach was alive with the lads, who were disembarking every few minutes. In and out the naval boats darted, landing the troops with astonishing rapidity.

The Bay now appears to be quite full; there are nearly a hundred ships of every description riding at anchor. We spent a couple of hours among the sweet-smelling flowers, and then returned to the Derfflinger, which, by the way, the lads have dubbed the "Dirtflinger."

APRIL 18.—After Church Parade to-day we had a row about the Bay, and were afforded an opportunity of seeing a large store ship that had been torpedoed at the Dardanelles. There was a hole in her side large enough to drive a lorry through, while all the plates around the hole were twisted and torn like sheets of tin. During the afternoon the hydroplane made another splendid flight.

APRIL 19.—Quiet work waiting for word to sail. The weather is still delightful, averaging from 60 degrees to 70 degrees. After boat drill this afternoon we were given a lecture, and during his talk, the officer told us that the first thing to do if we captured a Turk was to search him. Of course, he meant to search for important papers, etc., but the lads jocularly assured the officer that they would certainly do that.

APRIL 20.—We had another grand day ashore, but during

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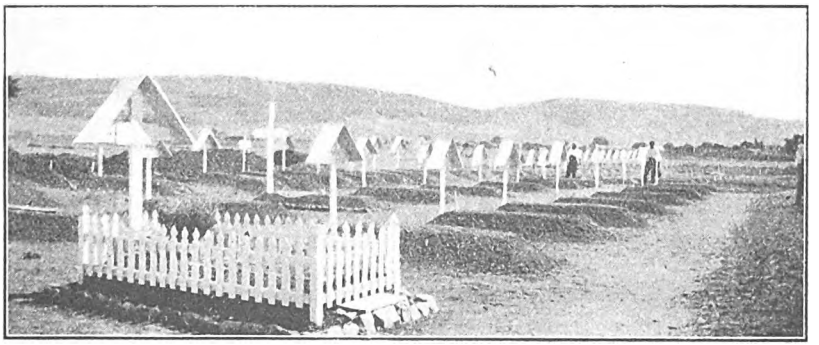
the day a heavy gale sprang up and gave us no end of trouble getting back to the ship. Several of us had to strip and get overboard to push the boat off the rocks—we were up to our necks before she got going—then we had to scramble aboard as best we could. After a hard struggle for over an hour, we eventually reached the ship, just about frozen.

APRIL 22.—The ship is just like a huge gymnasium. At 6.30 one would think that a thousand wild horses were loose on deck, but it is only the boys indulging in physical antics. Before breakfast, two thousand men are put through their exercises,



WHERE HEROES SLEEP

finishing up by forming an unbroken ring around the promenade deck and trotting round and round. By the time we have finished we have had a good mile trot.

Our only trouble is food; twenty-four hours' rations consist of: six biscuits, two ounces of jam, about the same of cheese, and a pint of stew—no bread at all. Men who growl now, beware.

APRIL 23.—There is quite a buzz of excitement. I believe we are off at last. Some of the ships have already left the Bay, while all the others have steam up. Aircraft have been buzzing overhead all the afternoon, probably having their last test. We have just rushed our last letters in; the mail closes at 7 p.m. The boys are full of life, and merry as school children.

APRIL 24.—We were roused before 6 a.m. by the rattle of the anchor cable, and, by the time we had scrambled on deck, we were gliding down the placid waters of Mudros Bay. We could hardly believe our luck. After eight strenuous months' training,

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we were at last on the move, and, before many hours, should realise to the full what war meant.

Winding our way through the throng of ships, we quickly approached the mouth of the Bay—passing, as we steamed out, the monster battleships, Queen Elizabeth, London, Prince of Wales and Queen; while sleek, business-like destroyers darted hither and thither.

Passing the heads and the peaceful-looking little lighthouse, we steamed slowly round the Island and dropped anchor again in a small cove on the opposite side. Here business began in earnest; iron rations were distributed; arms and equipment inspected; in fact, everything possible to secure success was attended to. My! didn't I grin when I saw the ship's grindstone. The boys were afraid their bayonets would not be sharp enough, so there they were, gathered around waiting eagerly their turn to get at the stone. By the time we left the ship it was gouged and worn to such an extent that it was fit for nothing but a kellick stone.

As I sit up here on the boat-deck writing these last lines of this diary, it is hard to believe that within a few hours we shall be in the midst of slaughter and suffering. As I sit and look around, all is peace and beauty. The setting sun floods the dancing water and casts its rays over the beautiful green hills of Lemnos, the quaint little windmills completing a sweet picture.

But it is work that has to be accomplished, so we look to Him who has been our help in ages past.

The boys were entirely unconcerned; they lay about the decks absorbed in cards, reading, and so forth. Evening found them in the same good spirits, and a happy, rollicking time was spent. One thing, only, pointed to the fact that something unusual was happening. Before retiring, every man packed his valise with extra care; poised his rifle to an electric light and had a final squint through; then finally lay down, still in a jocular mood.

I do not profess to know if it is the correct thing to sleep blissfully on the eve of a battle, especially such a battle as we were faced with, but this I do know, that within half an hour the ship was filled with the harmonious melody of a multitude of contented sleepers.

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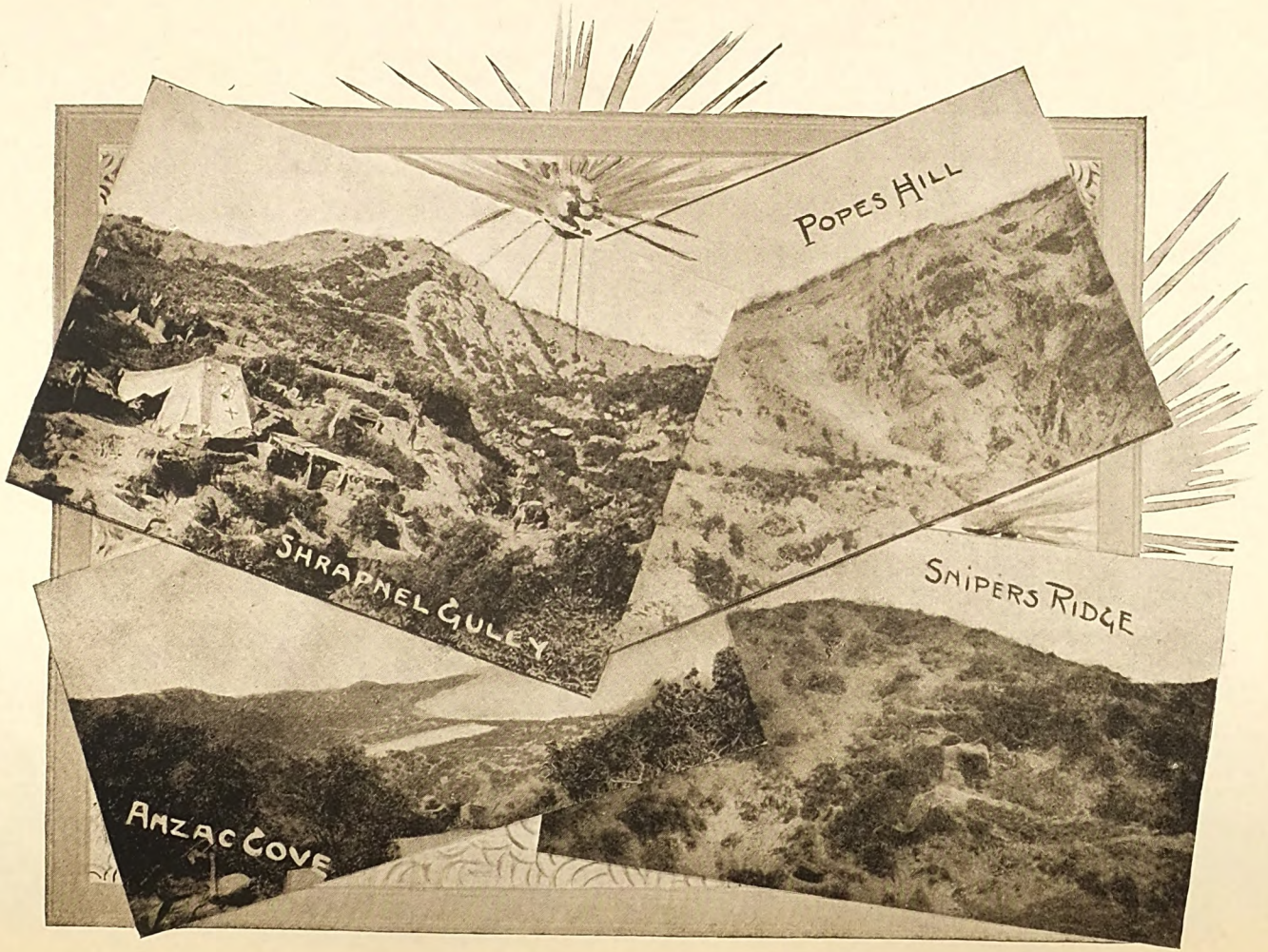
Familiar Scenes at Anzac



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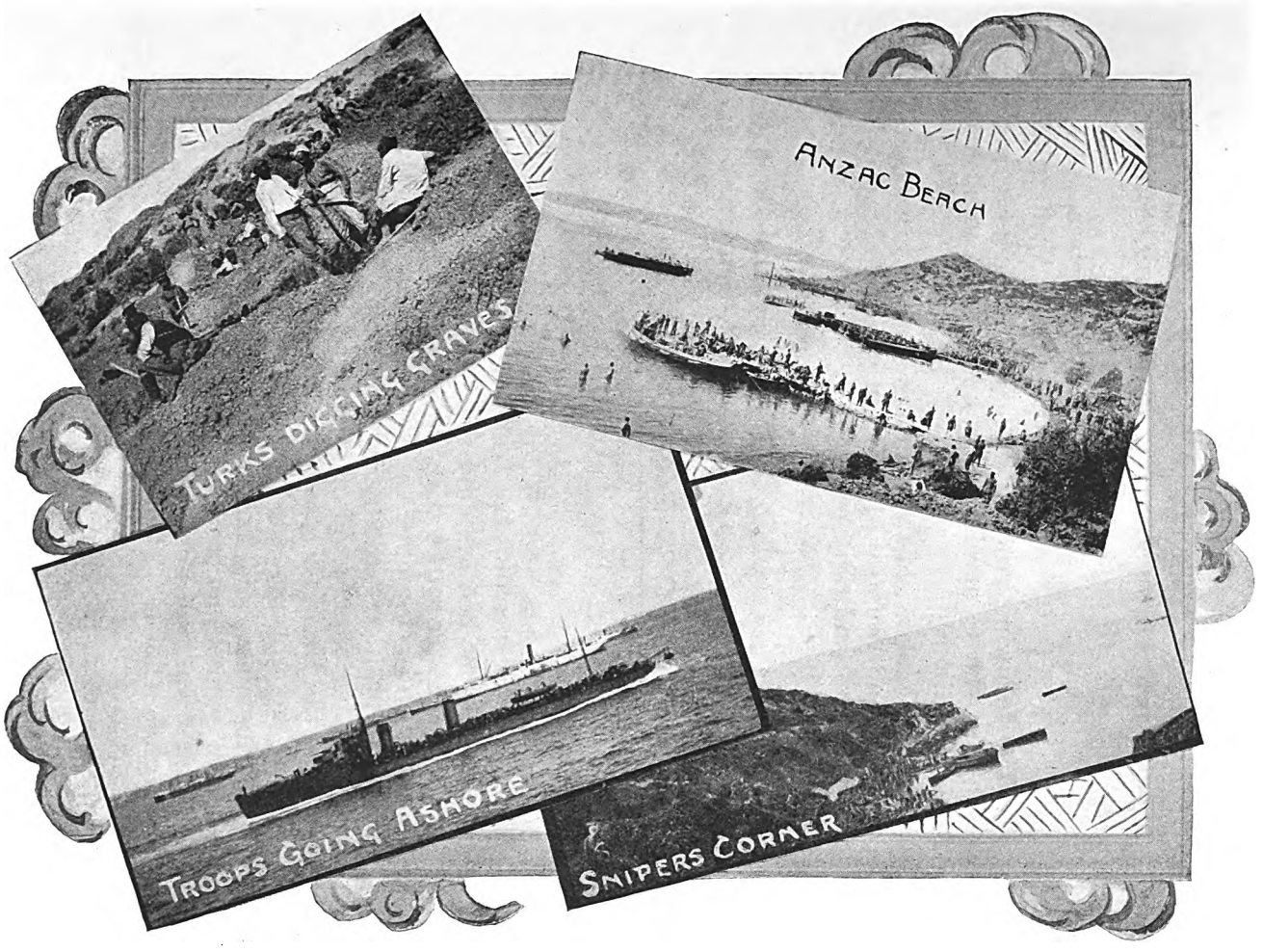

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REPRINT of the famous last Force Order and Message from His Majesty The King to the Troops, prior to the Landing at Gallipoli, Sunday, April 25th, 1915 :—

Head Quarters,
22nd April, 1915.

The following gracious message has been received to-day by the General Commanding and published for information:—

"The King wishes you and your army every success, and you are all constantly in his Majesty's thoughts and prayers."

H. M. WOODWARD,
Brigade General Deputy,
Adjt.-General.

FORCE ORDER

General Headquarters,
Lemnos,
21/4/15.

Soldiers of France and the King,

Before us lies an adventure unprecedented in modern war: Together with our comrades of the fleet, we are about to force a Landing upon an open beach in face of positions vaunted by our enemy as impregnable. The landing will be made good by the help of God and the Navy, the positions will be stormed, and the war brought one step nearer to a glorious close.

Remember, said Lord Kitchener when bidding adieu to your Commander, Remember once you set foot upon Gallipoli Peninsula, you must fight the thing through to a finish. The whole world will be watching your progress. Let us prove ourselves worthy of the great feat of Arms entrusted us.

Sir IAN HAMILTON,
General in Command.

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RED GALLIPOLI.

APRIL 25.—I was still enjoying that blissful period that comes to one just before fully waking. Events were taking shape in my mind; I had just become aware, by the even throb of the engines and the motion of the ship, that we were moving, when to my ears came a sound of distant thunder that swelled louder

X INDICATES THE POSITION TAKEN UP BY H.M.S. EURYALUS WHILE BOMBARDING GABA TEPE

and louder, in a mighty crescendo, punctuated by terrific crashes as if the very heavens were falling. You can easily guess I was fully awake by this time; and shouting "We are there," I flew up the companion-way and on to deck.

Already there were a few on deck, but there was little to be seen. The morning mist shrouded everything, and one could only judge the position of the land by the flash of the shore batteries as they returned the fire of the fleet.

Steadily we continued our way, passing battleships in action every few minutes. One after another they would loom up out of the impenetrable grey, deafen us with their mighty guns, and then, as we steamed on, disappear like phantom ships into the gloom. At last we dropped anchor close to two of our ships that could only be located by the flash of their guns. It was a queer sight—on every hand these darting flames, followed by ear-splitting explosions, while every moment the leaden-coloured water would rise in a mighty column, like some magnificent fountain, as the shells from the shore plunged in.

Slowly the mist of the early morn lifted, and there before our eyes lay a scene such as I never dare hope to witness a second time in this life. I could hardly drag myself away to dress; but, at last, slipping into my clothes and putting the last touches to my equipment, I quickly got into a position where I could watch the mighty effort of the Fleet.

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We occupied the extreme left of the position. Round about us lay scores of troopships, trawlers, destroyers, and warships. Standing out prominently among the latter was the old H.M.S. Euryalus, so well known in Australia a few years ago as Flagship of the Fleet. One was filled with admiration for her as she stood right inshore, and engaged at point-blank range the formidable Gaba-Tepe battery, which had been doing serious damage, enfilading the beach. The terrific duel that ensued made everything else appear trivial. The water about the Euryalus was churned into foam, and flew up in great columns, but the old ship doggedly hung to her position, while her gunners simply drove us into a frenzy of cheering, as, with marvellous exactness, they dropped shell after shell on to the position.

For over twenty minutes the scrap continued; till finally this piece of landscape lost all shape, the battery was silenced, and the forces no doubt retreated, for the guns were trained to throw the shells, first over the headland, then right up and over the first hill, just as one would elevate a hose to spray the far end of a garden. One could hardly believe that at any moment the boys were going ashore to face death—in fact, at the very moment were under fire of the shore batteries. They filled the rigging and decks, and at every salvo from the warships a mighty cheer would rend the air, and then the ship would ring with laughter. No, there were no long faces, but rather a joyous, reckless fearlessness that boded ill for their foes.

The spasmodic crackle of rifle fire now grew into one continuous roll, like the beating of a thousand kettle drums; the 3rd Brigade were getting busy. But, hark! "Fall in A and B Companies." Swiftly, the eager waiters stepped into their places, and then just as quickly slipped over the ship's side and down the rope ladders, entirely forgetful of the seventy-odd pounds' load of equipment they carried.

The crews of the destroyers on each side of the ship worked like Trojans, packing the men like the proverbial sardine, while we of C and D Company, who were to go by the second tow, wriggled out of portholes at the risk of cracking our necks, and shouted, "Jack, I say, Jack, how's things ashore? How did the boys go?" Thus they rattled on in disjointed conversation, just as the pressure of business would allow.

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scramble over the high bluffs, carrying, in addition to our equipment, picks, shovels, and boxes of ammunition.

Reaching the top of the first ridge, we came to a Turkish trench, in which lay those Turks who had stayed too long to dispute possession with the Third Brigade. Stooping low, we doubled across a plateau over which the sharp-nosed bullets flew, meowing like motherless kittens. A constant stream of wounded

IN THE MIST OF THE MORNING

men—still quite cheerful—passed us on the way to the beach, saying, "It's hot as hell up there"—and it was.

Down through Shrapnel Gully, thick with mines and pitfalls, infested with snipers, and torn with shrapnel—from whence it earned its name—hairbreadth escapes were now becoming so frequent that one scarcely stopped to notice them.

We commenced fighting our way up the third hill, which, personally, I think was the worst of the lot. Never again do I

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expect to see such superhuman efforts. Dragging the ammunition and entrenching implements, the men struggled up this almost perpendicular, crumbling, scrub-covered cliff in the face of a withering fire.

One exposed knoll, which the snipers were paying particular

WOUNDED MEN ON THE FIRST HILL

attention to, we were compelled to rush over singly. As it came to my turn, I bolted, pick in one hand and rifle in the other, as hard as my legs would carry me. One had simply to claw one's way up the soft, yielding bank. No sooner had I reached the top than a dozen bullets kicked up the dirt all around me. An officer who followed me said, "What's the matter, laddie?" "Drop," I

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shouted. He did so, only just in time to miss a perfect fusilade of snipers' bullets.

Side by side we wriggled over the knoll, slid down the opposite side, regained our feet, and put up a record sprint to where the rugged hill afforded some little cover. At the top of the hill we were in the full blast of the enemy's fire. It was a perfect Inferno; a score of machine guns filled the air with their rat-a-tat; just like a hundred noisy motor bicycles; while the Turkish artillery threw a curtain of shrapnel along the ridge that looked as if it would stop any further effort to advance. But, knowing that our only safety lay in victory, one had to forget self and fight like the very devil.

But many of the boys never passed that shrapnel-swept ridge. One wounded lad, who was bleeding badly over the shoulder, propped himself up as we passed, and grinning hideously with his shattered mouth, he wheezed, "Got it where the chicken got the axe," then fainted. Right and left men were being hit, and a fellow had to just clinch his teeth and keep going, with the vague thought somewhere in the back of your cranium that you might be the next. It was just here that my chum, Howard Proctor, was killed. A shrapnel burst right in the midst of the platoon in front of me; it cut the haversack from the side of Corporal Turton, and splashed two or three others, but poor Proctor was struck with a piece of the shell, which inflicted a fatal wound.

The lads close at hand, after shaking hands with him, offered a few words of cheer, and then had to advance. A few minutes later, when my platoon advanced, I knelt by his side, but he was going fast; I tried to cheer him, but somehow I got a big lump in my throat, my eyes were dimmed, and after a few incoherent words I was silent. Then, in spite of the fact that he was paralysed by his wound, and almost at his last gasp, his face brightened, and with a smile he said, "Don't worry about me, Cav.; I feel quite satisfied; I feel I have done my bit; take my glasses and try and return them to my mother." And so brave Proctor passed away.

Can you wonder, reader, that we old boys of the First Brigade reverence the very name of Anzac? when we remember the number of our hero chums that sleep the long sleep on the bleak, forbidding hills above Anzac Cove. Well have they been named—"The Glorious Dead."

Can we ever forget the unselfish spirit of Pte. W. Penton. Mortally wounded, face downward he lay. Yet, with his last

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effort, and his last breath, he raised himself, and turning to a mate, said, "Good-bye, Warrington, old boy; I'm going; but tell Albert he will find plenty of cigarettes in my pack." Uttering these words, poor Penton fell forward. He was gone. His parents weep and mourn, but we who knew him will ever cherish the memory of such a great, unselfish soul. No words are there more true than those of Souter, when he said:—

"We need no costly monument,
To keep their memory fast."

I trust I shall be forgiven if I tell of the heroism of yet another before I pick up the thread of my story. It is the story of Sgt. Larkin, M.L.A. Wounded and dying he lay, yet when the stretcher-bearers came to carry him in, he waved them on, saying, "There's plenty worse than me out there." Later, they found him—dead. Can anyone feel surprised when we get in a rage at the sight of ham and beef shops branded "ANZAC."

OUR COURAGEOUS LEADERS.

The splendid courage of our officers compelled admiration. Separated from their own men—for in the wild fighting over the hills the First Brigade was quite mixed up—they gathered all the men in sight, and, with commendable courage, charged the enemy's position with the bayonet. It was in this way that I was separated from my own Company, and fought throughout the day alongside of Major B. I. Swannell, who, with his Company, had got mixed up with our Battalion.

Never shall I forget the look on his face when we first got within striking distance of the enemy. "Fix bayonets! Charge!" rang out his order. There was a flash of steel, a wild hurrah, and the boys dashed straight at the wall of fire, heedless of the frightful slaughter. They were not to be stopped. It was in this charge that Major Swannell was killed. He had seized a rifle, and with dauntless courage was leading his men, when a Turkish bullet, penetrating his forehead, ended his career, thus depriving the First Brigade of one of its bravest officers.

The few remaining hours of daylight were spent in such fierce, unequal fighting that I remembered little else until, about an hour before dusk, something hit me. I thought at first that I had been struck by a shell. After picking myself up, and regaining a sitting position, I put my hand down to feel if my leg was still there; I was really scared to look, for fear it had gone. Feeling that that really useful member was still attached to my

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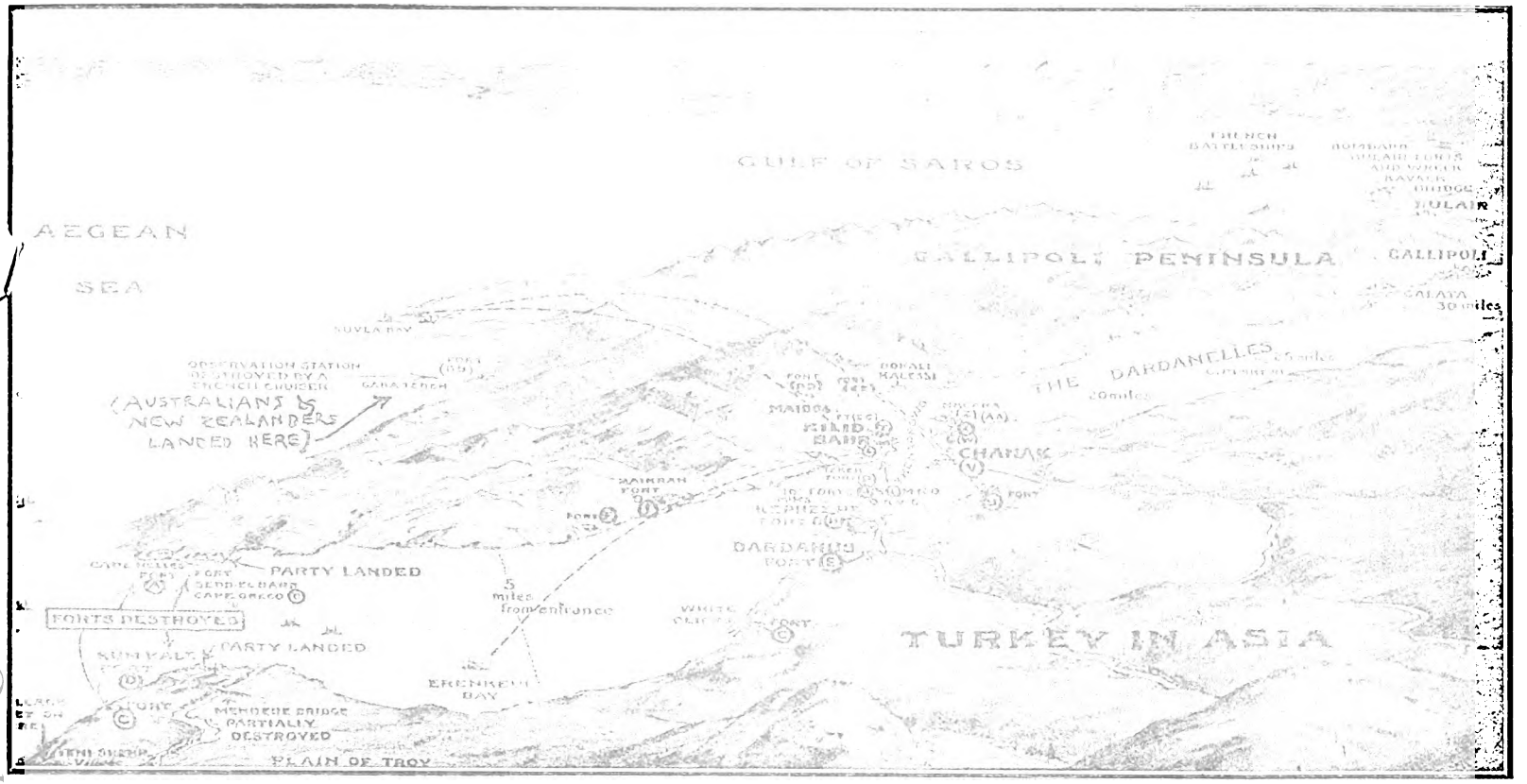

THE LANDING PLACE

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body, I started to discover the extent of the damage. Whipping off my puttee and slashing the seam of my breeches with my clasp knife, I reached my knee, to find a small, quite respectable-looking puncture close alongside the knee-cap, from which oozed a thin stream of blood. The bullet—for such it was—had gone right through, coming out behind the knee, severing, en route, some of the important nerves of the leg, thus paralysing the leg. This was temporarily useful, as it saved me any intense pain.

It was just at this stage that the Turks, heavily reinforced, counter-attacked, and compelled our sadly-diminished force to fall back; so, knowing that if I stayed five minutes longer I should fall into their hands, I jumped to my feet to retire—only to collapse, my leg was as useless as though there was no bone in it. The only think to avoid capture was to crawl, and crawl pretty quick; so on one knee and two hands I started, faced with a three-mile journey over as rough country as it would be possible to find.

How I accomplished the distance safely I shall never know. At least a dozen snipers wasted a cartridge on me—the bullets clipping twigs in front of my nose, whistling through my hair, and kicking the dirt up in my face. On one occasion a platoon of Australians passed on their way to the firing-line. One man, dropping out, half carried me back about a hundred yards, and, with a sincere, "Good luck, mate, I'm needed up above," raced away to assist the hard-pressed, exhausted men in the firing-line.

So again I started off, crawling as hard as possible. While lying on my back, resting in one place, eight or nine shells burst in quick succession right over my head—one bursting so close that the black soot, like burnt powder, fell on my chest. The shrubs were torn and the earth scarred by the hail of shrapnel bullets, but again I got off without a scratch. I came to the hurried conclusion that there were many healthier places about, and made off again.

I had gone only a short distance when I came upon a touching spectacle. I was crossing a narrow road on the summit of a hill when I saw an officer sitting upright on the roadside, with his back to the shrubs that grew on either side. I approached, but he did not speak or move, so I crawled up close, and found to my surprise that he was dead. He had just been in the act of writing when a bullet through the heart caused instantaneous death. He had never moved an inch; his notebook was still in the left hand; while the right still held a pencil poised in a natural position over the book. He was a Colonel, past middle age, grey-haired, and wearing a breast of service ribbons.

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In a shallow trench close by another pathetic incident occurred. Lying in a trench was an Australian, who had just been badly hit. His eyes opened slowly, his lips moved, and then quaintly he murmured "Mafeesh," the Arabic for finished, and then more slowly, "Take money-belt—missus and kids—dirty swine—dirty——" Then a strange thing happened. Dying, shattered beyond recognition, he rose to his knees and dragged his rifle to the parapet. With a weak finger he took shaky aim at the sky and fired his last shot, then collapsed in the bottom of the trench.

A little later I had another very narrow escape. I was crawling along, dragging a rifle which I had picked up in case I met any stray Turks, when right before me, at no distance, I spotted a rifle poking through a shrub, and behind it a New Zealander just in the act of pulling trigger. "Don't fire; I'm wounded," I yelled, and immediately a New Zealand officer jumped out from behind a bush. He was just rushing a company of infantry to reinforce. "Where's the firing line?" he asked.

"Straight on, over a mile ahead of you," I answered; and, with a "Sorry you're hurt, my boy!" he rushed his men on.

After escapes innumerable, and a struggle that I never expected to accomplish, I reached the ridge of the first hill in company with a New Zealander, who was also wounded. Together we hopped and stumbled, with our arms about one another's necks, finally rolling over the brow of the hill into a hole that afforded some little amount of shelter.

We settled down here for a short spell before continuing to the dressing-station on the beach. The wounded still passed us in apparently endless procession. They were wonderfully cheerful and full of information. But here our peace was short-lived. Gradually the enemy's range lengthened, and shells crept nearer and nearer; machine-gun and rifle fire commenced to whistle about us again; then suddenly through the shrub broke the heroic remnant of the firing-line.

Slowly they came, disputing every inch, and reluctantly yielding the ground which they had so gloriously occupied during the earlier hours of the day. The Turks evidently intended to drive them into the sea by sheer weight of numbers, but the lads were determined to die rather than surrender the position so dearly won. Having retired some little distance in an orderly manner, they concentrated on the ring of hills commanding the beach, and, hastily entrenching, prepared to meet the masses of infantry that were being hurled forward.

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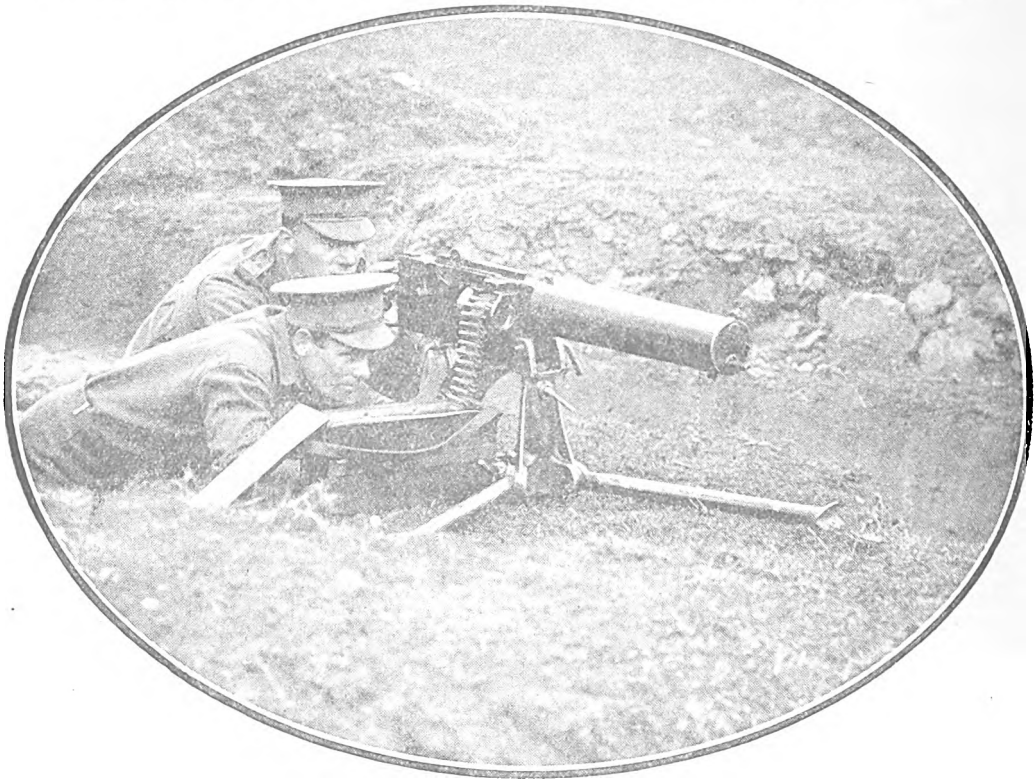
They had not long to wait, for very soon the whole ridge was black with Turks. On they came, evidently thinking that very soon they would sweep the remnant of our little force from their shores. But they were sadly mistaken, for when they were within easy range, a storm of rifle and machine-gun fire tore



MACHINE GUNNERS IN ACTION

lanes through their massed ranks, while the Queen Elizabeth, who had been unable to support us during the afternoon, opened fire with her fifteen-inch guns, causing fearful losses.

The Turks were stunned by such a reception, and retired over the hill, giving the boys time to further consolidate the position; but they came again and again, meeting with the same withering fire, each time. Eventually they retired for the night, leaving the gallant survivors in peace, and in possession of the joyful thought that they had come through the severest fighting, and "had done their bit."

Thus ended the memorable Twenty-fifth of April, 1915, "The Day" on which 16,000 Anzacs won for Australasia an "Imperishable Record" and a Name among the Nations.

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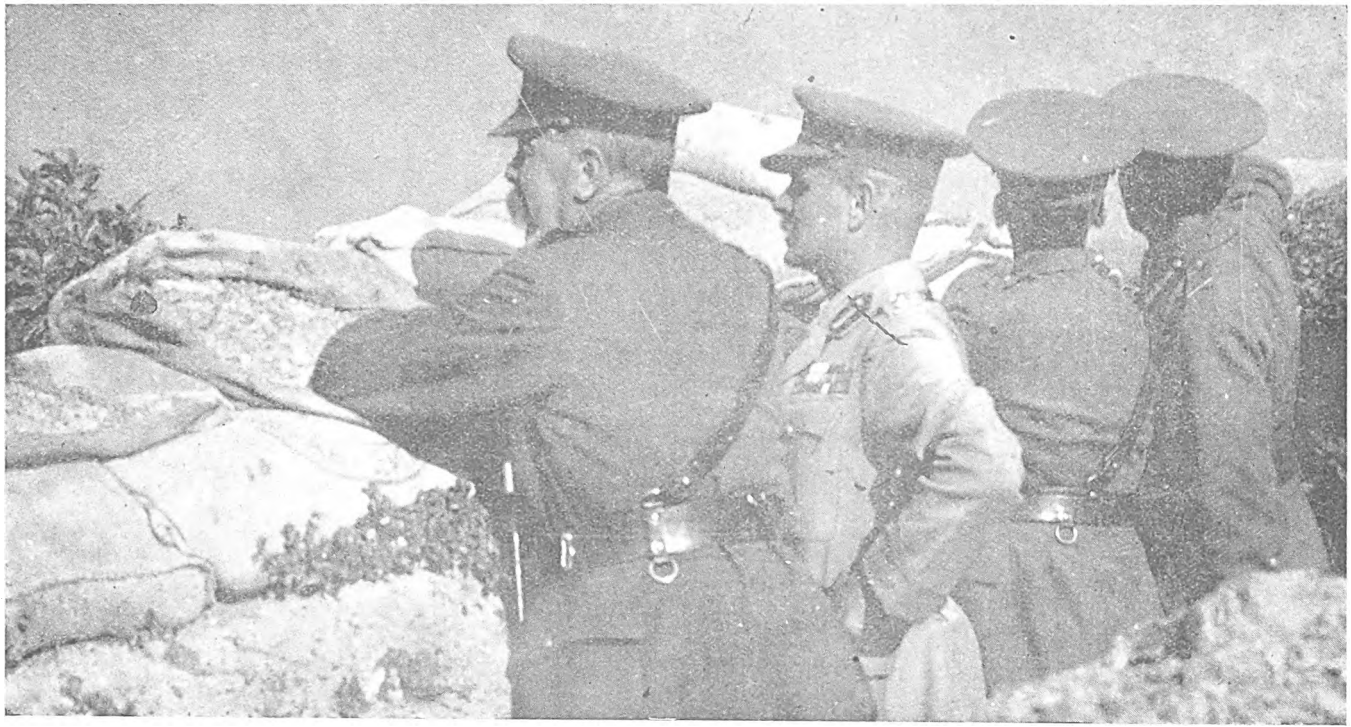

LORD KITCHENER AND GENERAL BIRDWOOD AT ANZAC

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AUSTRALIA'S DAUNTLESS HEROES.

THE CHARGE OF THE FIRST BRIGADE.

There are battles fiercely raging,
And the cannons loudly roar,
While shot and shell from skyward
Like mighty torrents roar.

From sea and land, cliff and valley,
Charge Australia's bravest sons;
We have sworn to help Old England
To beat the Turks and Huns.

We have heard the Empire calling
Her Australian sons of war;
We have crossed the mighty ocean
As our brothers did before.

When they proved themselves in Africa
True soldiers of the Queen,
We'll show the world that we are
Just as brave as they have been.

Homes and friends we've left behind us,
Thinking little of our loss;
We've come to fight for Britain
And our own dear Southern Cross.

There are aged mothers weeping—
Would that we could dry their tears;
There'll be wives and sweethearts waiting,
Though they stay away for years.

We left our own dear native land—
We bid our long farewells—
And some of us are sleeping now
Beside the Dardanelles.

But the glory of Young Australia
Will never pass away;
It will carry pain and pleasure,
From now to Judgment Day.

The world is ringing loud to-day—
The gallant charge we made,
When we fought and bled for Britain—
Noble, gallant First Brigade.

PATRIOT.

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A Typical Cornstalk

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Tributes

From His Majesty the King, dated Buckingham Palace, 29th April:—

"I heartily congratulate you upon the splendid conduct and bravery displayed by the Australian troops in the operations at the Dardanelles, who have, indeed, proved themselves worthy sons of the Empire."

From the Secretary of State for the Colonies, dated London, 27th April:—

"His Majesty's Government desire me to offer you their warmest congratulations on the splendid gallantry and magnificent achievement of your contingent in the successful progress of the operations at the Dardanelles."

From His Excellency the Governor of New Zealand, dated Auckland, 30th April:—

"I desire, on behalf of New Zealand, to convey to you the pride which this Dominion feels in being so closely associated with the forces of the Commonwealth in the present great undertaking in the Dardanelles, and rejoice that the two forces have so signally distinguished themselves."

From the Secretary of State for the Colonies, dated 30th April:—

"April 30th—Following message from First Lord of Admiralty begins: On behalf of Board of Admiralty, express our heartiest congratulations on the brilliant and memorable achievements of Australian and New Zealand troops at the Dardanelles. Admiral telegraphs that the fleet is filled with intense admiration at the feat of arms accomplished by the army."

(Signed) CHURCHILL.

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From General Sir Ian Hamilton, commanding the Allied land forces, dated Tenedos, 11th May:—

> "May I, speaking out of a full heart, be permitted to say how gloriously the Australian and New Zealand Contingents have upheld the finest traditions of our race, during this struggle still in progress, at first with audacity and dash, since then with sleepless valour and untiring resource. They have already created for their countries an imperishable record of military virtue."

The Federal Parliament's appreciation. In the Senate, on 13th May, and in the House of Representatives, on the preceding day, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

> "That this House congratulates the Military Forces of the Commonwealth on the soldierly qualities displayed at the Dardanelles."

"This is the tribute they themselves would most have wished for.

"Gladly they faced and met their death, that by their sacrifice their country and its liberties might be saved."

—W. M. HUGHES, Prime Minister.

BRITISH OFFICER'S TRIBUTE.

"On behalf of the officers of the 29th Division, I wish to express the admiration we have for the Anzacs. It was unforgettable. With three cheers for Australia, they rushed forward, utterly fearless, against the murderous test of fire."

—ARMY-CHAPLAIN CREIGHTON.

"I have never seen the like of these wounded Australians. They were being towed from one ship to another, seeking accommodation, and yet, in spite of their awful sufferings, their cheers resounded through the night, and you could see, amidst a mass of suffering humanity, arms being waved in greeting to the crews of the warships."

—"EGYPTIAN GAZETTE."

"It is impossible yet to realise quite fully the first few days of Anzac.

"It is only when the history of those days come to be written that Australia will realise the full debt they owe to their boys."

—CAPTAIN BEAN.

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WONDERFUL AUSTRALIANS.

"One has never seen such wounded in a war before as were these Australians, many of whom, shot to bits and hopeless of recovery, cheered in the boats and lighters, while waiting to be accommodated on the ships."

—ASHMEAD BARTLETT.

"The Australian and New Zealand courageous dead are resting on the hills above Anzac Cove, but their memory will never fade."

—"TIMES," London.

"The Anzacs won immortal fame in fighting like demons against the best defensive troops in the world."

—"EVENING NEWS," London.

STILL THE FIRST DIVISION.

"The famous 1st Australian Division is very much altered in personnel from that which worked itself into a single compact whole during four perspiring months at Mena Camp. Its brilliant staff is now scattered to serve the needs of an army. The Chief of Staff, who was a young Australian major when the force was constituted, is now Brigadier-General and Chief of Staff of the Army Corps; its chief medical officer, who began the war as a captain, is now in charge of the medical service of the whole Army Corps. The 3rd Battalion, after having had three colonels killed or wounded, came to the command of an officer who left Australia as a second lieutenant. But there has all through been sufficient leaven of the old division to keep the old spirit alive, both in the officers and men. It has a commander whom it knows and trusts—just the sort of fighting commander whom an Australian division loves. Not long ago, for example, it became necessary for certain works to be done outside part of the lines at night. The work was risky, and one subordinate officer pointed out that he thought it was too risky for lives to be hazarded in it. 'Not in the least,' said the General, 'but if you think so, I am quite prepared to take the party out myself any night.' 'And he would, too,' said the officer who told me the story."

—CAPTAIN BEAN.

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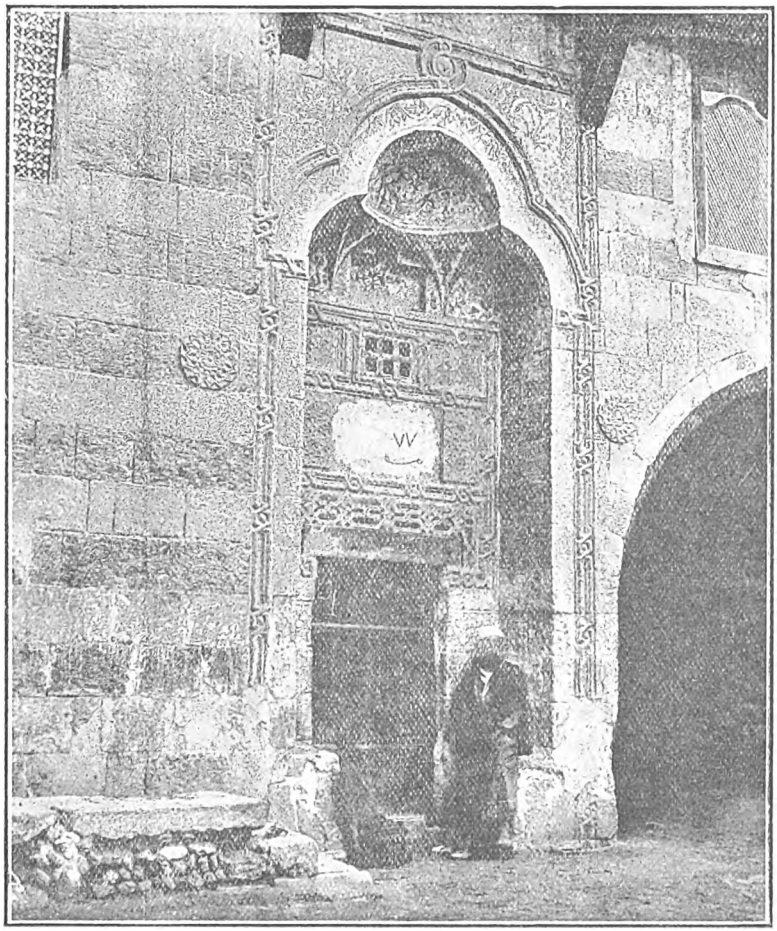

A Scene in Cairo

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The Third Battalion's Rum

THERE is one humorous incident connected with the famous Lone Pine charge that deserves to be recorded, that is, the story of the Third Battalion's rum.

The officers of the Third Battlion were addressed by their colonel, the evening before the fight, and one of the matters that came up to be decided was that of rum. Two

issues of rum were due on the day of the fight, and the question was when should they be given. The colonel was an old Australian soldier of the Instructional Staff—one of the finest fighters in Gallipoli—he was wounded three times in the next 24 hours, and was carried dying from the trenches he had won. At this conference, the night before the fight, he laid down his view: "I believe the issue will be a good tonic to the men in their present

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condition," he said; "but I do not like the idea of giving it to men just before they go into action. We will have one issue in the morning, and the other after the fight is over."

It was about two hours after the charge, when a man with a demijohn on his shoulder came along. The brigadier himself was at the mouth of that sap receiving messages, and, incidentally, trying to clear the sap to let some of the most urgent traffic through. All that traffic had to pass through 30 yards of narrow, pitch-dark tunnel, and then out over the heath, facing the gauntlet up to the parapet of the Turkish trench. Endless lines of men with ammunition, men with bombs, men with water, men with picks, shovels, sandbags, signallers, messengers, engineers, stretcher-bearers, were filing at funeral pace into it, and the whole tunnel was constantly blocked, while they carried one or two poor badly-wounded fellows back. I remember one pitiful procession that emerged from it, after at least 10 minutes' struggle through the dark interior—first a seriously-wounded man in a folding cane stretcher, next an army medical man, and after him, crawling on hands and knees out of the tunnel and down the trench towards the rear, another wounded man. Only those men whose presence was urgent were allowed to go through afterwards.

"What are you carrying?"

"Bombs, sir."

"Well, put them down here a moment, and stand by until that tunnel is clearer."

"And what are you carrying, my man?"

"Third Battalion's rum, sir."

"What?"

"Third Battalion's rum, sir. Colonel put me in charge of it, and told me to see the——"

"Well, put it down here, and stand by."

"The colonel told me to take it through, sir."

"Well, put it down here for the present."

"The colonel told me——"

"Look here! Never mind what you were told; put it down there at once!"

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The rum-carrier put his heavy load down on the first step, and retired, obviously unsatisfied, for the moment. The colonel had told him the men would want their rum, and it was his duty to see it through. For a couple of minutes he watched the brigade staff dealing with infinitely important messages, and then the first time the brigadier looked up, he stepped forward again.

"How about the Third Battalion's rum, sir?"

"Oh, well, get along with you," answered the brigadier, amusedly; and so he shouldered it and trudged out contentedly towards the heath and towards the bullets, and, I suppose, the Third Battalion got its rum.

STALKING A SNIPER.

"Have you ever gone stalking in open country, with only dry water-courses or stone slides as cover, and a royal smelling danger on the opposite slope. Stalking a sniper is very much like that."

"On one occasion we were much troubled by a well-placed sniper. Like snakes, two Australian boys crept from the trench and crawled out of sight through the scrub. All unconscious, The Turk continued his rifle practice until a double report rang out, and our two men appeared, waving the sniper's hat, their equivalent to a scalp. After that we had comparative peace."

—NEW ZEALANDER.

"I was stretcher-bearing at Quinn's Post on the memorable 4th and 5th May. While attending the wounded boys, I heard a weak voice singing, 'Lead Kindly Light.' Thinking it was a parson's son, I went over. Laying my hand on the poor fellow's head, I said, 'Jesus knows all about our troubles.' Looking up, the wounded boy said, 'Then He has been working overtime to-night, Bill."

—MURPHY OF ANZAC.

THE FIRST NEWS.

"The first authentic news we received came with the return of our boats.

"A steam pinnace came alongside with two recumbent forms on her deck, and a small figure, pale but cheeerful, waving his hand astern.

"He was one of our midshipmen, just sixteen years of age, shot through the stomach, but regarding his injury more as a fitting consummation to a glorious holiday ashore."

"One cannot speak too highly of these youths.

"Many of them were fresh from the training school, but here they were called upon to play a most difficult and dangerous role like men.

"The slim figures, clad in every kind of garment that could be scraped together for shore work, and carrying revolvers which appeared as big as themselves, formed an amusing contrast to these giants from Australia, as they stood side by side in the dim morning light."

—ASHMEAD BARTLETT.

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In Honor of Our Wounded

"EGYPTIAN TIMES," May 29, 1915.

(From a Correspondent.)

When, under the auspices of the Red Cross, I was admitted to the list of hospital visitors I must allow that my craven heart fairly failed me. I saw visions of myself attempting the role of ministering angel to most unresponsive patients, of forcing my conversation upon those whose only desire was to be left to themselves, of arousing suspicion as to the real reasons of my visits, of seeing sights and maybe hearing things that would be inexpressibly painful to a susceptible nature such as I was certain of possessing.

My first visit, undertaken with many tremors, was, however, an agreeable surprise, and since then I have become so thoroughly interested in the cases all round me that I have extended my visits to various of the other hospitals in Cairo till practically every afternoon in the week is occupied in one direction or other; while the hours devoted to such visits promise to be protracted till long after dark.

Numerically, in most of the hospitals thus visited, the Australasian patients exceed the Britishers almost in the proportion of three to one, and therein is conversation made easy; for besides being splendidly plucky, these magnificent Colonials are born talkers, and are never so happy as when exploiting the country of their birth even at the expense of the "old country" to whose defence they are sacrificing their lives and fortunes. But if at times they do "flap their wings" somewhat (and who indeed can blame them) they are the most sociable, friendly souls imaginable, and their sociability and friendliness is combined with so much proven pluck and endurance that one does not know which to appreciate the most.

Though life in these hospitals must necessarily be deprived of luxury, the food is not over plentiful and in many cases is not particularly palatable, it is but rarely one hears a grumble unless on the score of flies or the heat, and then more as an excuse for a joke; while murmurs over the pain they are enduring are practically non-existent. Like Peter Pan, the boy who never grew up, they treat life mostly as one great joke—we know one bed over which hangs the inscription "The naughty boy of the family"—and it is only when one gets talking confidentially that one hears of the pathetic cases, the little details of home life, the wonderings as to the fate of brothers and pals, the frightful tales of all they have seen and undergone, the horrors of war, though very little as to the actual pain they are so heroically undergoing.

"I'm all right, miss, doing fine," is their almost invariable reply. "Yes, I'm going out in a few days, in a fortnight I hope to be at the front again, and getting a bit of my own back . . ." "You see it was like this," etc., etc., "and how you would have laughed to hear us yell 'Yalla imshi,' as we rushed that hill" . . . "Of course it was Hell, but you must remember we had been on that transport more or less for weeks, we were ripe for any sort of action. We would have been painting Cairo pink if we had been there, so we painted

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Gallipoli — scarlet instead . . ." "What the bayonet charge. My, but it was fine, a real bonsa . . ." "Lady, I want to write to mother, but I can't let her know I am wounded and in hospital, so what had I better do?" And then one suggests that the Alexandria post mark might sound more healthy and that a covering letter to the port might save the situation . . . "Cards? yes, thank you ever so much; I'm a schoolmaster out in the bush, and beyond my scholars I am practically alone, and many an afternoon I've spent sitting on a log playing patience—never got it out for days on end sometimes . . ." "What's this," one will say, as beneath a pillow mixed up with many another treasure, sticks out a corner of a little testament. "Not mine," is the disclaimer, "for I don't seem to have much use for these things, but I picked it up on the beach, and it has the name and address of some poor English lad inside, so I am keeping it till I can get outside to send back to his family." And the thought seemed to me to have a virtue high above any protestations. . . . "Socks, Miss, why I can knit them myself a fair treat. Three purl, one plain, decrease down the back seam, etc., I got a first prize at the Arts and Craft's Exhibition in India for knitting a lady's petticoat"; and after the tedium of lying idle in bed he fell to work on a chance ball of wool as eagerly as a dog given an unexpected bone.

Oh, they are a very cheery human crowd, these wounded men, extraordinarily thoughtful to their fellows, though they will scrap like fury sometimes, extraordinarily appreciative of their nursing sisters and visitors; and extraordinarily content with their surroundings, even though the latter lack much in the way of creature comforts. One watches the distribution of enormous hunks of bread and butter smeared with jam for tea on the pillow or little table or any other old place, where they are hurriedly covered over with a fragment of mosquito netting or none-too-clean towel; but few complaints are ever heard as to the quality of the fare, though frequently the hospital diet will be reinforced by other dainties handed round by generous visitors. The passage through the wards by a popular figure or a pretty child will partake of the nature of a triumphal procession and be followed by a thousand words of interest and approval. And in spite of the rough association and upbringing of a number of these wounded, and the tedium and boredom of their life in hospital, their politeness and courtesy to their visitors is quite extraordinary. They will talk freely, though never rudely, and never forget to voice their thanks, and hope that the visit may be repeated. Quite a number of them are really musical, and, oh, the pleasure that is afforded them by an unexpected concert would soften the heart of many an amateur if he or she would only realize it.

The beds are frequently being emptied and re-occupied, for numbers of patients are being turned out day by day, to take their places in convalescent homes or to become the guests of private hospitality. Fatal cases have been, thank goodness, comparatively few in number as far as the Cairo hospitals have been concerned, some twenty per cent. of the wounds treated therein have been serious, but, maybe, seventy per cent. are on the high road to recovery, and will doubtless face the music again with their hardihood undiminished, though one fears with never quite the same spontaneity of ignorance which served them so magnificently in their earlier exploits. Those landing operations and their aftermath will live for countless generations among the thrilling incidents of the war. They formed an epic, one of the most heroic in history; please God that the troops engaged therein will never have to face their like again.

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"JUST MY BLANKY LUCK"

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SHRAPNEL GULLY

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"D—— Those Anzacs!"

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T.S. DERFFLINGER

Officers' Mess

Bouchies aux Huitres

Consomme des Viveurs

Filets de Merlan a l'Italienne

Supreme de Volaille
Edouard VII.

Noisettes de Pre-Sale
Dubarry

Cailles Chez Soi
Salade Cœur de Laitues

Pointes d'Asperges, Polonaise

Biscuit Glace Sirgurd
Panier de Friandises

Fruit Cafe

N.B.—Any meal served in bed or on deck.

Fritz

Privates' Mess

BREAKFAST:

2 Biscuits

1oz. Jam

½ pint Tea (if you hurry)

DINNER:

2 Biscuits

1oz. Cheese (be careful it doesn't run)

TEA:

2 Biscuits

1oz. Jam

SUPPER:

————?

N.B.—Bread may be secured from the officers' baker at 1/- per loaf. All risk taken by purchaser.

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CAPTAIN A. J. SHOUT, V.C., M.C.
1st Battalion
Killed in action

LIEUT.-COLONEL
HUMPHREY SCOTT, D.S.O.

CAPTAIN PAIN, M.C.
2nd Battalion
Severely wounded

LIEUT.-COLONEL
D. M. McCONAGHY, C.M.G.
3rd Battalion

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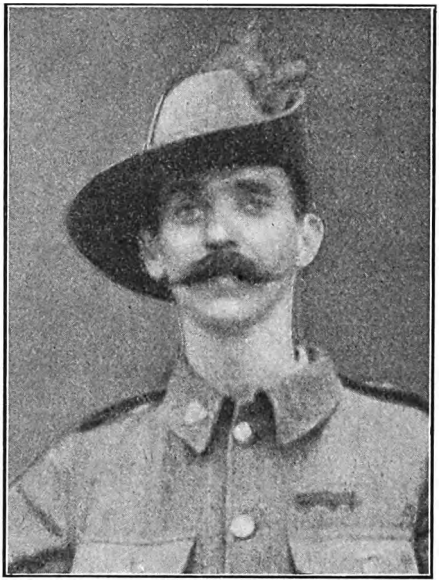
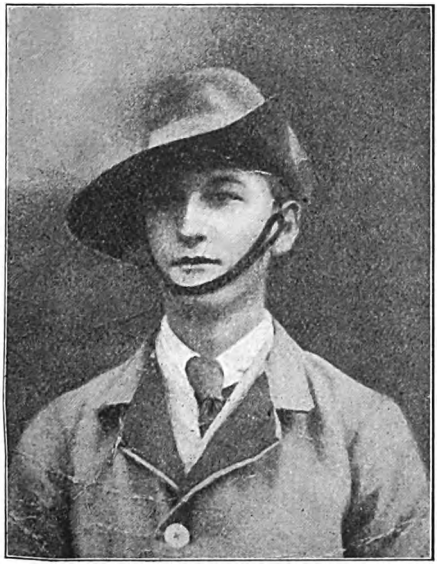
PRIVATE L. KEYSOR, V.C.
1st Battalion
Wounded



SGT. A. ANDERSON, D.C.M.
2nd Battalion
Lost right leg



PRIVATE J. HAMILTON, V.C.
3rd Battalion
Wounded

BUGLER F. GILL
4th Battalion
Mentioned in despatches
Wounded

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At Home.

As you went out with tight-shut teeth
To find high Fame's immortal wreath
Upon an alien soil beneath,
An alien dome—

As you went out through shot and shell,
You, whom we loved and trusted well,
To, back from death and back from hell,
Come in; come home.

But there are those who will not wake
With all our calling for their sake,
But lie where far off billows break
In murmuring foam.

Upon Gallipoli grow green
The graves of mates, true men and clean;
Oh, may they ever sleep serene
In their long home.

—*Adam M'Cay.*

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A BEDOUIN OF THE DESERT

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A Capture over the Des(s)ert

Dear Wifey,

Egypt is a horrid place. . . . But still there is no need to worry, the DES(S)ERT is not so bad.

HUBBY. XX

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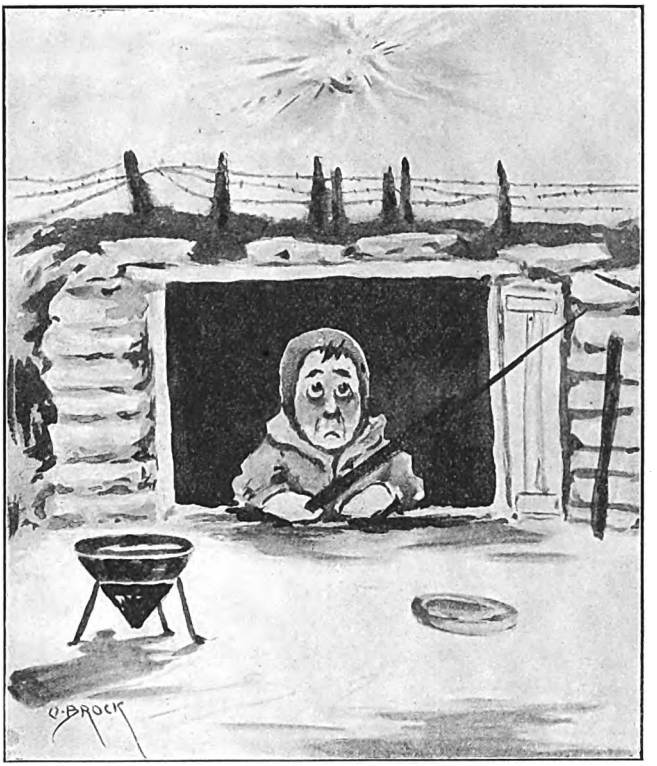

To Let or For Sale

COMFORTABLE DUG-OUT, situated close to a large German settlement. Large grounds, and plenty of shooting. Owner expecting to leave for the Repair Department, England, after the next charge.

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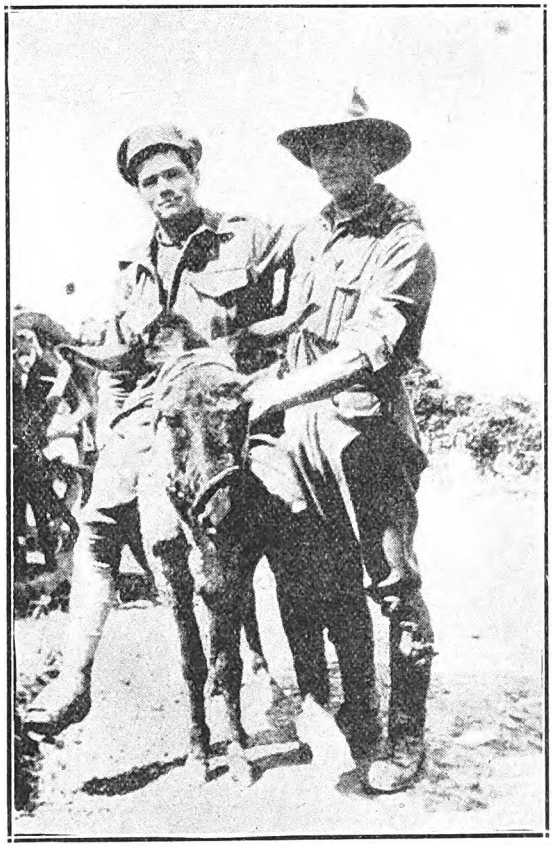
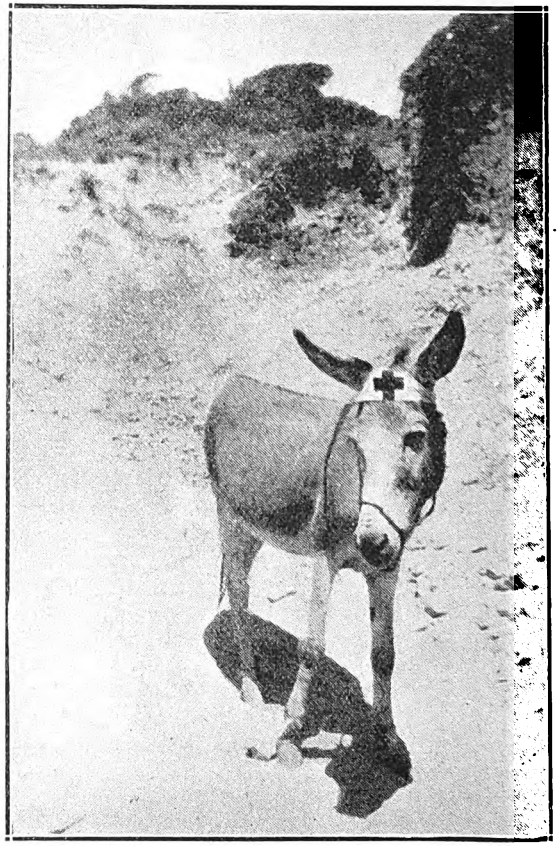
Simpson and Murphy



SIMPSON

Bringing in a wounded Anzac



MURPHY

SCORES OF AUSTRALIANS OWE THEIR LIVES TO THE TIRELESS, SELF-SACRIFICING EFFORTS OF SIMPSON AND HIS FAITHFUL LITTLE PAL, "MURPHY."

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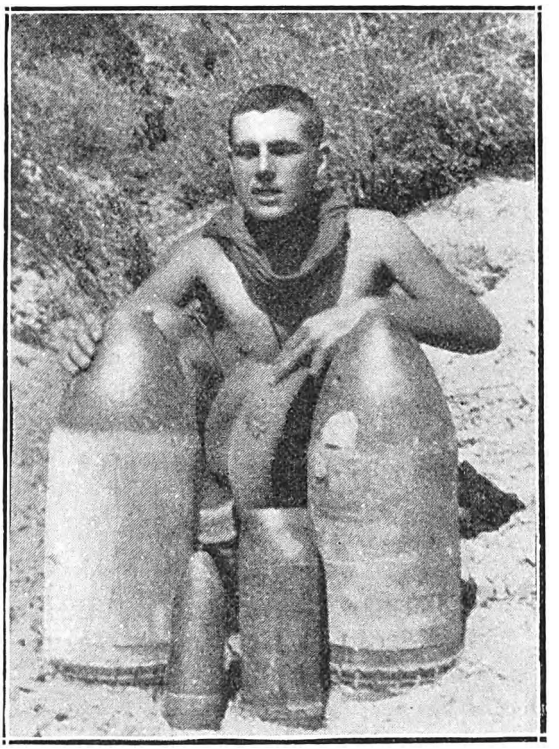
The Naked Army



THE NAKED ARMY

One peculiarity of the Colonial is his absolute dislike for clothes; to find an Australian now wearing anything except a pair of "shorts" is extremely rare.

First the coat went, then the shirts, then underclothes. After that, quite a number threw aside their boots and puttees, and only a lingering feeling of decency, kept alive, no doubt, by memories of the mixed bathing season at Manly, preserves the "shorts."

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A Hun Type

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In Conclusion

AT last I have completed my task of setting down some of those little intimate details which many of my friends have for so long been asking.

No doubt, my style is entirely unprofessional, and directly opposite to the recognised lines of book-writing, but I offer no apologies.

As a "private in the ranks," I have told the story; possibly, in

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faulty language, but still, in setting down the preceding incidents, I have satisfied a two-fold purpose. First, I have, I trust, satisfied many bereaved ones, who looked forward to hearing the story from one who fell in those early days at Anzac; and a second reason, I have satisfied a desire to record the gallant deeds of my heroic comrades of the First Australian Brigade.

Gallipoli claimed many of our bravest officers and men in those early days—the names of MacLaurin, Braund, Onslow Thompson, Quinn, and Larkin are among the deathless heroes—and it has claimed many more since then; but it has its proud, as well as its sad, memories, and time cannot efface the "imperishable record" it has given us. Our men have withdrawn, but Anzac Cove, Pope's Hill, MacLaurin's Hill, Braund's Hill, Dead Man's Gully, Monash Gully, Quinn's Post, Plugger's Plateau, Shell Green, Hell Spit, and the Bloody Angle remain, witness for all time of the fight Australians and New Zealanders fought upon Gallipoli.

Private H. W. CAVILL, 2nd Battalion

I desire to acknowledge the courteous assistance given by the Editors of the "Sydney Mail," the "Lone Hand," "Building, Ltd.," "The Soldier," and "The Mirror"; the Swiss, McFarlane, and Falcon Studios; also the following Artists: Ben Jordan, Harry Julius, D. H. Souter, O. Brock, and G. A. Taylor.

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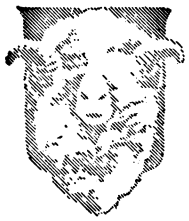

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THE MEN OF ANZAC

are the glory and pride of the whole race. Whatever comes or goes in our own fair Australia, we shall never forget the men who fought for us in Gallipoli and France. We shall always keep them in grateful remembrance.

It has been the fortunate lot of

THE CROWN STUDIOS

to provide their visible memento in many a home. From the start of the war, **THE CROWN** has specialised in soldier work, providing special studios in the various Military Camps, and offering added facilities for them at the Head Studio.

Whether it be for soldiers or civilians, for artistic work, finish and reasonableness in price, none can compare with **THE CROWN.**

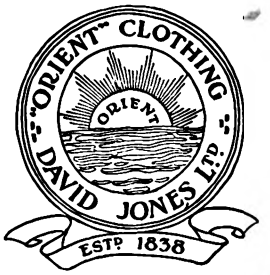
We still offer

Special Concessions to Soldiers. . . .

THE CROWN STUDIOS

448 GEORGE-ST., SYDNEY

VICE-REGAL PHOTOGRAPHERS.



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"Orient" Ceylonette Pyjamas, 7/6.
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"Orient" Collars, 9d. each, 8/6 dozen.

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on all "Orient" Clothing to any address in Australasia.

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